

War with the Devil
OR, THE
Young Man's
CONFLICT
WITH THE
Powers of Darkness.
In a Dialogue.

Discovering the Corruption and Vanity of
Youth, the Horrible Nature of Sin, and De-
plorable Condition of Fallen Man.

Also, a Description, Power, and Rule of
Conscience, and the Nature of true *Conversion*.

To which is added,
An Appendix, containing a *Dialogue* be-
tween an old *Apostate*, and a young *Professor*.
Worthy the Perusal of all; but chiefly Intended
for the Instruction of the Younger sort.

The Tenth Impression.

By B. Keach, Author of *Sion in Distress*; or the
Groans of the Protestant Church.

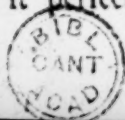
Psalm, 119. v. 9. *Wherewithal shall a young Man
cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according
to thy Word.*

Licensed, and Entred according to Order.

London, Printed and Sold by Benj. Harris, at the
Golden Boar's-head in Grace-church-street. 1700.

To the READER, in Vindication of this Book.

ONE or Two Lines to thee I'll here commend,
This honest POEM briefly to defend
From Calumny, because that at this Day,
All Poetry there's many do gain-say ;
And very much condemn, as if the same,
Did worthily deserve Reproach and Blame.
If any Book in Verse they chance to 'spy,
Away Profane, they presently do cry :
But tho' this kind of Writing some Dispraise,
Since Men so captious are in these our Days ,
Yet I dare say, how e'er this Scruple 'rose,
Verse hath express'd as Sacred things as Prose.
Tho' some there be, that Poetry abuse,
Must we therefore, not the same Method use ?
Yea sure, for of my Conscience it is best,
And doth deserve more Honour than the rest :
For 'tis no humane Knowledge gain'd by Art,
But rather, 'tis inspir'd into the Heart,
By Divine Means , for true Divinity
Hath with this Science great Affinity :
Tho' some, thro' Ignorance, do it oppose,
Many do it esteem far more than Prose ;
And find also, that unto them it brings
Content, and hath been the Delight of Kings.
David, altho' a King, yet was a Poet,
And *Solomon* also, the Scriptures show it.
Then what if for all this some should abase it,
I'm apt to think the Angels do embrace it.
And tho' God giv't here but in part to some,
Saints shall have it perfect i'th' World to come



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By a Friend in Commendation of these Poems.

MY Muse is dull, altho I have a Will,
This Book for to commend I want the skill.
I know not how it's worth for to declare,
Few *Poems* doubtless may with it compare;
Not for rare Elegant Scholastick Strains,
Which flow alone from these quick-witted Brains,
Who with their Rhetorick and curious Art,
Strive to affect the Fancy, not the Heart,
This *Treatise* read, kind Friend, and thou shalt see
'Tis chiefly fill'd with choice Divinity.
The Author soars on high, his main design
Is to instruct that precious Soul of thine.
Pth' Path Coelestial, shew thee very plain,
How thou in Christ an Int'rest may obtain;
Or if in Christ thy Soul has got a place,
He to thy Joy, shews forth thy happy case;
This *Poem's* like a Messenger sent forth
To give a visit to the drowzy Earth;
The sluggish Soul it strives for to awake,
Before it drops into the fiery Lake.
There's very few upon the Earth do live,
But might from hence some benefit receive;
For tho it is brought forth in this our Clime,
Yet 'twill agree with every place and time.
Its message is of such a large extent,
It may in truth to all the World be sent;
To Male and Female, low and high degree,
He speaks a word to bond as well as free.
All in whom *Conscience* dwells, he lets them see
Conscience's great Pow'r and Authority.

When Heav'n's hot *Thunder-bolts* with fire & hail,
 Made *Egypt's* mighty Monarch's Courage fail ;
Conscience stept in; made him cry out amain,
The Lord is just ; I, and my wicked train,
Have sinned : Yea, Conscience also brings
Saul, Son of Kish, the first of Israel's Kings,
 Before the Prophet humbly to confess
 That he had Sinn'd, and acted Wickedness.
Conscience made *David* to cry out amain,
'Tis I have sinn'd, I have Uriah Slain.
 Tho *David* slew a *Lion* and a *Beast*,
 And did not the great *Giant's* Courage fear ;
 Yet *Conscience* made him stoop, and tremble too,
 And more than this you'll find *Conscience* can do.
 Here's Counsel for Professors and Prophane,
 Choose, or Refuse, here's Loss, and also Gain.
 One Reason, *Reader*, of this Mode or Stile,
 Is, that it might with honest Craft beguile
 Such curious Fancies, who had rather chose
 To read ten Lines in Verse, than one in Prose,
 And as the nimble Fly that lightly springs
 Against the Flame, until she burns her Wings,
 Is taken Captive with that sulph'rous Flame,
 With which she only sought to sport and game.
 So whilst these curious Fancies think to play
 With this small Piece, 'twill secretly betray
 Them to their *Conscience* ; and if *Conscience* send
 Them to God's Word, the *Author* has his end ;
 Provided that unto the same they yield,
 And *Grace* and *Conscience* do obtain the Field.

Farewel.

W. B. Th

Youth

Youth in his Unconverted State.

Youth.

THE Naturalists most aptly do compare
 My Age unto the Spring, whose Beauty's rare;
 When sprightly Sol enters the Golden Sign,
 Which is call'd Aries, his glorious shine,
 And splendid Rays do cause the Earth to Spring,
 And Trees to Bud, and quicken every thing.
 All Plants and Herbs, and Flowers then do flourish,
 The Grass doth sprout, the tender Lambs to nourish.
 Those things in Winter that seem'd to be Dead,
 Do now rise up, and briskly shew their Head;
 And do obtain a Natural Resurrection,
 By his hot Beams, and powerful Reflection.
 How in the pleasant fruitful Month of May,
 Are Meadows clad with Flowers Rich and Gay?
 And all Earth's Globe adorn'd in Garment green,
 Mix'd with rare yellow, crown'd like to a Queen.
 The Primrose, Cowslip, and the Violet,
 Are curiously with other Flowers set.
 And chirping Birds, with their melodious sounds,
 Delight Man's Heart, whose pleasure now abounds;
 The Winter's past, with stormy Snow and Rain,
 And long 'twill be e'er such things come again;
 Nothing but Joy and sweet Delights appear,
 Whilst doth abide the Spring-time of the Year.
 Thus 'tis with me, who am now in my prime,
 In Merriment and Joy I spend my time;

And like as Birds do in the lovely Spring,
I so rejoyce with my Consorts, and sing,
And spend my Days in sweet pastime and mirth,
And nought shall grieve or trouble me on Earth.
I am resolv'd to search the World about,
But I will seek the sweetness of it out.
No Stone I'll leave unturn'd, that I may find
Content and joy unto my craving mind:
No sorrow shall, whilst I do live, come near me,
Nor shall the Preacher with his fancies scare me;
At Cards and Dice, and such brave Games I'll play,
And like a Courtier deck my self most gay;
With perrivig and muff, and such fine things,
With sword and belt, goldshoes, and gold-rings;
Where bulls and bears they bait, and cocks do fight,
I do resort with speed, there's my delight.
To drink and sport amongst the jovial crew,
I do resolve, whatever doth ensue;
And court fair Ladies, that I also love,
And of all things do very well approve,
Which tend my sensual part to satisfy,
From whence comes all my choice felicity.
Whate'er mine ears do hear, or eyes behold,
Or heart desire, if so that all my gold
And silver can for me those things procure,
I'll spare no cost nor pains you may be sure.
Thus is my Life made very sweet to me,
Whilst others hurry'd are in misery;
Whose minds with strange conceits troubled remain,
Thinking, by losing all, that way to gain.
Such Riddles I can't learn, I must them leave,
What's seen and felt I am resolv'd to have;

*Let every man his mind and fancy fill,
My Lust I'll satisfy, and have my will ;
Who dares controul me in my present way,
Or vex my mind i'th' least, or me gain-say ?
What state of Life can equal this of mine ?
Youth's gallantry so bravely here doth shine.*

Conscience.

*Controul you, Sir, in truth, and that dare I,
For your contempt of my Authority.
You tread on me without the least regard,
As if I worthy were not to be heard ;
You strive to stifle me, and therefore I
Am forc'd aloud, Murder, with speed to cry.
I can't forbear, but must cry out amain,
Such is the wrong which from you I sustain.*

Youth.

*What are you, Sir, you dare to be so bold ?
I scorn by any he to be controul'd.
E're I have done with you, I'll make you know,
You shall your Power and Commission show.*

Conscience.

*Be not so hot, and you shall know my Name,
And also learn from whence my Power came.
I'm no Usurper, yet I do command
You for to stop, and make a present stand.
Your Pleasures you must leave, and vicious Life,
Else there will grow a very bitter Strife ;
'Tween you and I, as will appear anon,
If from the Courses you don't quickly turn ;
For all your Courage which you seem to take,
The News I bring's enough to make you quake.*

Youth.

Mouth.

*Whoe'er thou art, I'll make you by and by
 Confess you have accus'd me wrongfully.
 From Murder I am clear in thought and deed,
 Thus to be charg'd doth cause my heart to bleed;
 Pray let me crave your Name, if you are free,
 If you provoke me worse 'twill quickly be ;
 You seek occasion, and are quarrelsome,
 And therefore 'tis I do suppose you're come :
 But if your Name you don't declare to me,
 I am resolv'd to be reveng'd on thee.*

Conscience.

What Violence (alas!) can you do more,
 Than that which you have done to me before ?
 Forbear your threats, be still, and hold your hand,
 And quickly you shall know and understand,
 My Name, my Pow'r, and place of Residence,
 Which may to you prove of great consequence.
 I am a Servant to a mighty King,
 Who rules and reigns, and governs ev'ry thing.
 Who keeps one Court above, and here below
 Another he doth keep, as you shall know.
 O'er this inferior Court placed am I,
 To act and do as his great Deputy.
 I truly judge according to my Light ;
 Yea, and impartially do each Man Right.
 Those I condemn who vile and guilty are,
 And justify the Holy and Sincere.
 I order'd am to watch continually
 O'er all your Actions with a wary Eye ;
 And I have found how you have of late time,
 Committed many a bold and horrid Crime,

Of

Of Murder, Treason, and like Villany,
 Against the Crown, and glorious Dignity
 Of that great Prince from whence you have your
 Who's King and Ruler over all the Earth. (Breath
 I am his Judge, Attorney-General,
 And have Commission also, you to call
 Unto the Bar, and make you to confess
 Your horrid Crimes, and fearful Guiltiness.
 A black Indictment I have drawn in truth,
 Against thy self, thou miserable Youth:
 Thy Pride I shall abate, thy Pleasures mar,
 And bring thee to confess with tears at Bar.
 Thy sports and games, and youthful Lust to be,
 Nought else but Sin, and cursed Vanity;
 And for to put thee also out of Doubt,
 My Name is **Conscience**, which you bear about:
 No other than th' accusing Faculty
 Of that dear Soul, which in thy Breast doth lie,
 I by that Rule Men's thoughts and ways compare,
 By which their inward Parts enlightned are
 And as they do accord or disagree,
 I do accuse, or clear immediately,
 According to your Light you do not Live.
 But violate that Rule which God doth give
 To you, to square your Life and Actions by;
 From whence comes in your woe and misery.

Youth.

Conscience art thou! why didst not speake're now?
 To mind what thou dost say I can't tell how.
 Thou melancholly Fancy fly from me,
 My Pleasure I'll not leave in spite of thee.
 Other brave guests you see to me are come,

And

*And in my House for thee there is no room.
 Dost think I will be check'd by silly thought,
 And into Snares my foolish Fancy brought ?
 Is't you which cry out Murder, only you ?
 A Fig (alas) for all that you can do.
 For, though against me you do prate and preach,
 Your very Neck I am resolv'd to stretch.
 I'll swear, carouse and whore, do what you will,
 Till I have stifled you, and made you still.
 I'll clip your wings, and make you see at length,
 I do know how to spoil you of your strength.
 When you do speak I will not lend an Ear ;
 I'll make in truth as if I did not hear.
 If you speak loud when I am all alone,
 I will rise up, and straight-way will be gone
 To the brave Boys who toss the Pot about,
 And that's the way to wear your patience out.
 I'll go to Plays and Games, and Dancings too,
 And e're a while I shall be rid of you.*

Conscience.

Thou stubborn foolish Youth, be not so rash,
 Lest e're you be aware you feel my lash.
 I have a sting; a whip, yea, and can bite,
 Before you shall o'ercome I'll stoutly fight :
 I'll gripe you sore, and make you howl anon,
 If you resolve in sin still to go on :
 I've overcome strong Hearts, & made 'em yield,
 And so shall you before I quit the Field.
 Go where you will, besure I'll soon come after,
 And into Sorrow will I turn your Laughter.
 'Twill prove hard work for you to shake me off,
 Though you at me do seem to jeer and scoff ;

As

As if o'er you I had no Jurisdiction,
Or was a Dream, a Fancy, or some Fiction :
For all your wrath I must you yet disturb,
Though you offended are, I can't but curb,
And snib you daily, as I oft have done,
Till you repent, and from lewd Courses turn :
For till the Cause be taken quite away,
Th' Effect will follow whate'er you do or say :
Unless your Light wholly extinguish'd be,
If Sin remains, disturbance you will see.
Therefore I do beseech you soberly,
For to submit to my Authority ;
Obey my Voice, I prithee make a trial,
Before you give another flat denial.
If more sweet comfort I don't yield to you,
Than all which doth from sinful actions flow,
Then me reject ; but otherwise, my Friend,
My checks receive, and to my motions bend.
Get Peace within, whatever thou dost do,
And let vain Pleasures and Corruptions go ;
That will be better for thy Soul at last,
Than Gold or Silver, or what else thou hast ;
And since we are alone, let thee and I
More mildly talk about Supremacy.
Is't best for you that Pride and Folly reign,
Which nought does bring save sorrow, shame and
And *Conscience* to reject, who perfectly (pain,
From guilt and bondage strives to set you free ?
Have not these lusts by which thou now art led,
Brought many a Man unto a piece of Bread ?
What brave Estates have some consum'd thereby
And now are forc'd in Barns on Straw to lye ?

How

How has the Wife been ruin'd with the Child,
 Besides poor *Conscience* grievously turmoil'd ;
 Nay, once again give ear, I prithee hark,
 Hath not many a brave and curious Spark
 Been brought in stinking Prisons, there to lye,
 For yielding to their Lust and Vanity ?
 How many swing at *Tyburn* every Year,
 For stabbing *Conscience* without care or fear ?
 And some also out of their Wits do run,
 And by that means are utterly undone.
 Some Men so stifle me I cannot speak,
 And then they sport and play, and merry make,
 Resolving that I shall not gripe them more,
 But quickly then afresh I make them roar.
 Some of them I do drive into despair,
 When in their Face I do begin to stare ;
 No rest nor peace at all their Souls can find,
 I so disturb, and still perplex their mind.
 What say you now, Young-man, will you submit ?
 Weigh well the danger and the benefit.
 The danger on the one hand will be great,
 If me you do oppose, and ill intreat.
 Sweet Profit comes you see on th' other hand,
 To such who subject are to my Command :
 What dost thou say, shall I embraced be,
 Or wilt thou follow still thy Vanity ?

Poeth.

*Was ever Young-Man thus perplex'd as I,
 Who flourish'd in sweet Prosperity ?
 Where-e'er I go Conscience dogs me about,
 No quiet I can have, in doors or out.
 Conscience, what is the cause you make such strife,*

*I can't enjoy the Comforts of my Life?
I am so grip'd and pinched in my Breast,
I know not where to go, nor where to rest.*

Conscience.

'Cause you have wronged and offended me,
Loving vain Pleasures and Iniquity.
The Light you have you walk not up unto,
You know 'tis Evil which you daily do.
My Witness I must bear continually,
For the great God, whose glorious Majesty,
Did in thy Soul give me so high a place,
As for to stop you in your sinful Race;
I must reprove, accuse, and you condemn,
Whilst you by Sin His Sov'reignty contemn;
I can't betray my trust, nor hold my Peace,
Till I am stabbed, fear'd, or Light doth cease;
Till you your Life amend, and Sins forsake,
I shall pursue you, though your Heart doth ach

YOUTH.

*How bold and mallipert is Conscience grown?
Though I upon this Fellow daily frown;
And his advice reject, yet still doth he
Knock at my door, as if he'd weary me.
Conscience, I'll have you know in truth that I
A Person am of some Authority;
Are you so sawcy as to curb and chide
Such a brave Spark, who can't your ways abide?
'Tis much below my Birth and Parentage,
And it agrees not with my present Age,
For to give place to you, or to regard
Those things from you I have so often heard.*

Conscience.

Alas! Proud flesh, dost think thy self too high,
 To be subject to such a one as I ?
 Thy betters I continually gain-say,
 If they my Motions don't with care obey.
 My Power's great, and my Commission large,
 There's scarce a Man but I with Folly charge.
 The King and Peasant are alike to me,
 I favour none of high or low degree :
 If they offend, I in their Faces fly,
 Without regard or fear of Standers-by.

Mouth.

Speak not another word, don't you perceive,
 There's scarce a Man or Woman will believe
 What you do say, you're grown so out of date ;
 Be silent then, and longer do not prate.
 In the Country your Credit is but small :
 There's few care for your Company at all :
 The Husband-man the Land-mark can't remove,
 But you straight-way him bitterly reprove :
 Nor Plow a little of his Neighbour's Land,
 But you command him presently to stand.
 There's not a Man can go i'th' least awry,
 But out against him fiercely you do fly.
 The People therefore now so weary are,
 They've thrust you out almost of ev'ry Shire ;
 And in the City you so hated be,
 There's very few that care a rush for thee ;
 For if they should believe what you do say,
 Their Pride and Bravery would soon decay:
 Their swearing, cheating, and their drunkenness
 Would vanish quite away, or grow much less.

Our craft of Profit, and our Pleasure too,
 Would soon go down, and ruin'd be by you.
 The Whore and Bawds, with the Play-houses then,
 Would be contemned by all sorts of Men.
 You strive to spoil us of our sweet delight,
 Our Pleasures you oppose with all your might.
 The Fabrick of your Joy you would pull down,
 And make our Youth just like a Country-Clown.
 We half Phanaticks should be made ('tis clear)
 If unto thee we once inclined were.
 But this, amongst the rest, doth chear my Heart,
 There's very few in London take thy part.
 Here and there one, which we Nick-names do give,
 Who hated are, and judg'd not fit to live.
 'Tis out of Fashion grown I daily see,
 Conscience for to regard i'th' least degree.
 He that can't whore and swear without controul,
 We do account to be a timorous Fool.
 Therefore though you so desp'rately do fall
 Upon poor me, yet I do hope I shall
 Get loose from you, and then I'll tare the Ground,
 And in all Joy and Pleasure will abound.

Conscience.

Ah! poor deceived Soul! dost thou not know,
 That most of all Mankind i'th' broad way go?
 What tho' they do most wickedly abuse me?
 Wilt thou also in the like manner use me?
 What tho' they will of me no warning take,
 Till they drop down into the Stygian Lake?
 Wilt thou be-friend the cursed Serpent so,
 As to go on till comes thy Overthrow?
 What tho' I am in no request by them,

Don't

Don't they likewise God's Holy Word contemn?
 Don't they the Gospel cast quite out of sight,
 Left from their Pleasures it should them affright?
 What tho' my Friends are tost about and hurl'd;
 Their inward Peace is more than all the World
 Can give to them, or from them take away,
 Whilst they with diligence do me obey;
 As I enlightned am by God's Precepts,
 Which are a Guide and Lanthorn to my steps.
 Come, proud Heart, and longer don't contend,
 But leave thy Lust, and to my Scepter bend:
 For I'll not leave thee, but with all my pow'r
 I'll follow thee unto thy dying Hour.

Mouth.

*Into some private place then I will fly,
 Where I may hide my self, and secretly
 There I'll enjoy my self in spite of thee;
 And thou shalt not i'th' least know where I be.*

Conscience.

Nay, foolish Youth, how can that thing be done?
 From *Conscience* it is in vain to run:
 No secret place can you find out, or 'spy,
 To hide your self from me, such is mine Eye;
 I see i'th' Dark, as well as in the Light,
 No doors nor walls will keep thee from my sight.
 Where-e'er thou art or goest, am I not near,
 Thy Soul with horrid guilt to scare and fear?
 Could *Gain* or *Judas* get out of my reach,
 When once *between* us there was the like breach?
 Did I not follow them unto the end,
 And make them know what 'twas for to offend
 My Glorious Prince, and me his true Viceroy?

Ven-

Vengeance doth follow them who us annoy.
My Counsel then I prithee take with speed,
For that's the way alone for to be freed
From Vengeance here, and wrath also to come,
When thou dost die, and at the day of Doom.

Mouth.

*What! can't I fly from thee, nor thee subdue,
Then I intreat thee, Conscience, don't pursue,
Nor follow me so close; forbear a while,
Don't yet my Beauty, nor my Pleasures spoil;
This is my Spring, and Flower of my Age,
Oh! pity me, and cease thy bitter rage:
Don't crop the tender Bud, it is too green;
Oh! let me have those days others have seen.
Forbear thy Hand till my wild Oats are sown;
They must be ripe also before they're mown.
Thou hast forborn with some for a long time,
That which I ask of thee is but the prime
Of those good days which God bestows on me;
Oh! that it might but once obtained be.
Tis time enough for to adhere to thee,
After I've spent my time in Gallantry;
In Earth's sweet joys, and such transcendent pleasures,
Which Young-men do esteem the chiefest Treasures.*

Conscience.

After all Violence and Outrage great,
Come to poor Conscience, do you now intreat?
Thinking for to prevail by Flattery,
But that in truth I utterly defy:
Tis quite against my Nature you must know,
Into vile Lust fond Pity for to show:
God has not given such a Dispensation,

18 *The Young-Man reprov'd by Conscience.*

For me to wink at your Abomination :
 If God doth once but blow your Candle out,
 I shall be quiet then you need not doubt :
 (But woe to you as ever you were born,
 If God doth once his Light to Darkness turn.)
 But whilst your Soul retains that Legal Light,
 Your Sins I can't endure within my Sight.
 No liberty God I am sure will give
 To any one, in horrid Sin to Live :
 Nor will he give allowance for a Day ;
 'Tis very dangerous for to delay
 The work of thy Repentance for an hour ;
 What thy hand finds to do, do with thy Pow'r
 If me you don't believe, I prithee *Youth*,
 For to resolve thy self, go to God's Truth.

Youth.

Well, since that you no Comfort do afford,
 I will enquire of God's most Holy Word ;
 So far I will your Counsel take, for I
 Am sorely troubled, whither shall I fly ?
 I will make trial, I resolve to see,
 Whether that *Truth* and *Conscience* do agree.
 The Lip of *Truth* can't lie, tho' *Conscience* may
 When that misguided is that leads astray.
 If *Truth* and *Conscience* speak the self same thing
 'Twill some amazement to my Spirit bring.
 That now I ask for, and earnestly crave,
 Is some short time in Sin longer to have.
Conscience denies it me : *Truth*, what say you ?
 Oh ! that you would a little favour shew
 To a poor Lad, alas ! I am but young,
 Like to a Flower which is lately sprung

Out of the Ground, and *Conscience* day and night
 strives for to tread me down with all his might.
 Or as the Frost the tender Bud doth spoil,
 so has he striven to do a great while.
 Must I reform, and all my Sins forsake?
 Some fitter Season then O let me take.
For all things there's a time under the Sun,
 And when I older am, I will return.

Truth.

Nay, hold, vain *Youth*, you are mistaken now,
 No time to Sin God doth to thee allow;
 If I may speak, attend, and you shall hear,
 With poor *Conscience* must witness bear;
 I am his Guide, his Rule, 'tis by my Light
 He acts and does, & speaks the thing that's right.
 You are undone, if you don't speedily
 Leave all your Sins, and cursed Vanity.
 Art thou too young thy evil ways to leave,
 And yet hast thou a precious Soul to save?
 Art thou too young to leave Iniquity,
 When old enough in Hell for Sin to lye?
 Some fitter Season, *Youth*, dost think to find?
 The Devil doth dart that into thy Mind.
 No time so fit as when the Lord doth call;
 Those who *Rebellious* are, they one day shall
 Smart bitterly for their most horrid Evil,
 In yielding to, and siding with the Devil:
 But once again, I prithee hark to me;
 Don't God, whilst thou art young, call unto thee,
 Remember thy Creator? therefore now,
 And unto him with speed see you do bow,
 The first ripe Fruit of Old God did desire,

And so of thee likewise he doth require,
That thou to him a Sacrifice should'st give,
Of thy best Days, and learn betimes to Live,
Unto the Praise of his most Holy Name,
And not by Sin so to prophane the same.
This is, Young-Man, also thy chosing time,
Whilst thou therefore dost flourish in thy Prime
Place thou thy Heart unto the Lord above,
And with Christ Jesus also fall in Love.
Did not *Jehovah* give to thee thy Breath,
And also place thee here upon the Earth ;
And many Precious Blessings give to thee,
That thou to him alone shouldst subject be ?
God out of Bowels sent his Precious Son,
Thy Soul from evil ways with speed to turn :
Who, for thy sake, was nailed to the Tree,
To free thy Soul from Hell and Misery.
And while in Sin, vile Wretch, thou dost remain
Thou dost, as 'twere, him Crucify again :
Thy Sins also, O Young-Man, God doth hate,
His Soul doth loath, and them abominate ;
Nought is more odious in his blessed sight,
Than those base lusts in which thou tak'st delight
And wilt thou not, O Young-Man, be deterr'd
From thy vain ways ? What ! is thy heart so hard
Shall nothing move thy Soul for to Repent,
Nor work Convictions in thee to relent ?
Give ear to *Truth*, *Truth* never spoke a Lye,
And fly from Sin and youthful Vanity.
Those that do seek God's Kingdom first of all
And do obey God's sweet and gracious Call ;
They shall find Christ, and lye too in his Breast

And reap the Comfort of Eternal Rest :
 But if thou should'st this Golden time neglect,
 And all good Motions utterly reject ;
 And slight the Day of this thy Visitation,
 That will to God be such a Provocation,
 That he'll not wait upon thee any more,
 Nor never knock hereafter at thy Door.
 While terms of Peace God doth therefore afford,
 Be subject to him, lest he draws his Sword.
 If once to anger him you do provoke,
 He'll break your Bones, and wound you with his
Who can before his Indignation stand, (stroke.
Or bear the weight of his Revengeful Hand ?
 How dar'st thou a War with him maintain,
 And say, o'er thee Christ Jesus shall not Reign ?
 Wilt thou combine with his vile Enemy,
 And yet presume on his sweet Clemency ?
 Wilt thou, vile Traytor-like, contrive the death
 Of that great King, from whom thou hast thy
 Wilt thou cast dirt upon the Holy One, (Breath ?
 And keep Christ Jesus from his rightly Throne ?
 Is't not his Right thy Conscience for to sway ?
 Ought he not there to Reign, and thou Obey ?
 Dar'st thou resist and dread his Sov'raign Power,
 Yea, or hold Parley with him for an Hour,
 To gratify the Devil, who thereby
 Renews his Strength ; yea, and doth fortify
 Himself in thee, and makes his Kingdom strong,
 By tempting thee to Sin whilst thou art young ?
 The *Black-moor* sooner far may change his Skin,
 Than thou may'st leave, and turn away from Sin :

When once a habit and a custom's taken,
 Then sinful ways are hard to be forsaken. (oppo
 Dar'st thou, vile Wretch, Christ's Governmen
 And with the Devil and Corruption close?
 Had'st rather that the Devil reign o'er thee,
 Than unto God-Almighty subject be?
 Which will be best dost think for thee i'th' end
 The Lord to please, and Satan to offend?
 Or Satan for to please, and so thereby
 Declare thy self *Jehovah's* Enemy?
 For those who live in Sin, 'tis very clear,
 They Enemies to *GOD* and *JESUS* are.
 And wilt thou yield unto the Devil still?
 And greedily also his Will fulfil? (Friend
 Dost think, vain Youth, he'll prove to thee
 That thou dost so his cursed ways commend?
 Has Sin (which is his odious Excrement)
 So sweet a Smell, yea, and so fragrant Scent?
 Shall that which is the Superfluity
 Of Naughtiness, be Precious in thine Eye?
 And dost thou value Christ and all he hath,
 Not worth vain Pleasures here upon the Earth
 Shall he esteemed be by thee, vile Dust,
 Not worth the Pleasures of a cursed Lust?
 Is there more Good in sinful Vanity,
 Than is in all the Glorious Trinity?
 That which Men think is best that will they chuse
 Things of small value 'tis they do refuse. (Soul
 What thoughts hast thou of Christ then, sinful
 That thou his Messengers dost thus controul;
 And dost to him so turn a deafned Ear,
 His knocks, his calls, and wooings will not hear
 No

Nor him regard, tho' he stands at the Door,
With *Myrrh* and *Frankincense*, yea, and all store
Of rare Fruit and chief Spice, as *Cinnamon*,
Alloes, *Spikenard*, *Camphire*, and *Saffron*,
All precious things, poor Soul, of Heav'n above,
He has with him, yet nothing will thee move
To ope the door, for all his calls and knocks
Thou lets him stand until his precious Locks
Are wet with dew, and drops of the long night,
Thus thou dost him despise, reject and slight.
And rather keep'st thy Lust and Pleasure still,
Than that Christ should thy Soul with Heaven fill
Tho' he ten thousand Worlds doth yet excel,
And makes that Heart where he in truth doth
To be a Heaven here upon the Earth, (dwell,
Filling the Soul with precious Joy and Mirth,
Which makes grey-headed *Winter* like a *Spring*,
And Young-Men like Cœlestial Angels sing,
The Soul he doth so greatly elevate,
That it disdains, and doth abominate
All sensual Pleasures, in Comparison
Of Jesus Christ, his dear and only One.
Let me persuade thee for to taste, and try
How good Christ is; for then assuredly
Thou wilt admire him, yea, and praise the Lord,
That ever he did to thy Soul afford
Such a dear Saviour, and such good advice,
To lead thy Soul into sweet Paradise.
For none do know the Nature of that Peace,
That inward Joy, the which shall never cease,
But he himself who doth the same possess:
Oh! taste and see, for then you will confess,

No Pen can it exprefs, no Tongue declare,
 Its Nature's fuch, O Young-Man, 'tis fo rare,
 Chrift is the *Summum Bonum* ; it is he,
 In whom alone is true Felicity.

Such is the Nature of Man's panting Breast,
 There's nought on Earth can give him perfe^d
 'Tis not in Honour, that is Vanity ; (reft

For fuch like Beasts and other Mortals die,
 Kingdoms and Crowns they tottering do ftand
 The Servant may the Master foon Command.

Belshazzar who upon the Throne did fit,
 His Knees againft each other foon did hit.

How was he fear'd when the *Hand-writing* came
 And wrote upon the Wall, even the fame

That afterwards befel ; his end b'ing come,
 Receiv'd his fatal ftroke, which was his Doom.

Great Men oft-times are filled with great Fear,
 Being perplex'd, they know not how to ft eer.

Tall *Cedars* fall, when little Shrubs abide, (Tide,
 Though Winds do blow, and ft rangely turn the

For Man in Honour lives but a fhort fpace,
 He dies like to the Beasts, fo ends his race ;

Where's *Nimrod* now, that mighty Man of old,
 And where's the Glory of the Head of Gold ?

Great Monarchs now are moulder'd quite away,
 Who did on Earth the Golden Scepter fway,

In higheft place of Humane Govornment ;
 None ever found therein folid Content.

Of *Alexander* 'tis declar'd by fome,
 How he fate down, when he had overcome

The *Eastern* World, and did weep very fore,
 Becaufe there was one World, and was no more

e, For him to conquer. Thus also 'tis still,
 rare, This World's not big enough Man's Soul to fill;
 Riches and Wealth also can't satisfy
 That precious Soul, which in thy Breast doth lie.
 ft, If store of Gold and Silver thou should'st gain,
 perfect 'Twould but increase thy sorrow, grief and pain.
 (rest Riches, O Young-Man, they are empty things,
 ie. And fly most swift away with *Eagles* wings.
 stand When riches thou dost heap, thou heap'st up sor-
 and. They're thine to day, alas! but gone to morrow.
 t. Fires may come, and all thy Treasures burn,
 y came Or Thieves may steal it, as they oft have done.
 e He that hath Thousands by the Year this night,
 ne, May be as poor as *Job* before 'tis light.
 Doom And as for Pleasure which thy Age doth prize,
 Fear, Why should that seem so lovely in thine Eyes?
 eer. 'Tis but a Moment they with thee will last;
 Tide And sadness comes also when they are past.
 n the The Brute his Pleasure hath as well as thee;
 e, Man's *chiefest good* therefore can't Pleasures be:
 ; And whilst thou striv'st thy evil lust to please,
 old, Thy raging *Conscience*, *Youth*, who shall appease?
 ld? With this sweet Meat I tell thee also, Friend,
 way, Thou soure Sawce shalt have before the end.
 y, And as for Beauty, that also is vain,
 Unless thou canst the inward Beauty gain.
 What's outward Beauty but an evil Snare,
 By which vain ones oft-times deceived are?
 And on a sudden drawn into Temptation,
 For to commit most vile Abomination.
 e, That Beauty which Man's carnal heart doth prize
 more Renders not lovely in *Jehovah's* Eyes;
 For Though

Tho deck'd with jewels, rings, and brave attire
The Glorious King their Beauty don't desire
His Heart's not taken with't, but otherwise
The Beauty of vain Ones he doth despise,
Though very fair, yet, if defil'd with Sin,
They like unto Sepulchres are within.
Loathsom and vile i'th' sight of God are they,
And soon their seeming Beauty will decay.
It fades and withers, and away doth pass,
Just like unto the Flower of the Grass.
The curled Locks, yea, and the spotted Face,
God e're a while will bring into Disgrace.
Those Ladies which excel all others too,
Must feed the Worms within a day or two ;
Death and the *Grave* will spoil their Beauty quite
And none in them shall never more delight.
As for thy Age in youthful days we see,
Youth minds nought else save cursed Vanity ;
Soon may thy Spring also meet with a blast,
And all thy Glory not an Hour last.
The Flower in the Spring which is so gay,
Soon doth it fade, and wither quite away.
Nothing on Earth can'st thou find out or 'spy
That will content thee long, or satisfy
That Soul of thine, if still you search about,
Till you do find the rarest Science out :
For if in Learning once you place your Mind,
Much Vanity in that you'll also find.
For humane Knowledge and Philosophy
Can't bring thy Soul into sweet Unity
With God above, and Jesus Christ his Son,
To whom, poor Youth, is Happiness alone.

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Dote not on Honor then, nor worldly Treasure,
 Nor Beauty, Learning, Youth, nor other Pleasure,
 All is but Vanity that's here below,
 Truth and Experience both the same do show.
 Come, look to Heav'n, seek thou for higher Joys,
 Let *Swines* take *Husks*, & *Fools* these empty Toys.
 Come *taste of Christ*, poor Soul, and then you will
 Of Joys Cœlestial receive your fill.
 If thou dost drink but of the Chrystal Springs,
 These outward Joys thou'lt see are trifling things
 If Heaven's sweetness once thou hast but caught,
 Thou would'st account Earth's best Enjoyments
Honor & Riches too Christ has *great store* (naught.
 And at's *Right-hand Pleasures* for evermore.
 Dost think that he who makes Man's Life so sweet
 Whilst he with grievous troubles here doth meet,
 And in believing hath such sweetness placed,
 Though his own Image greatly is defaced,
 Can't give to him much greater Consolation,
 When all the soure is vanish'd of Temptation.
 If with the bitter Saints such sweetness gain,
 What shall they have when they in glory reign ?
 Youth.

Be silent, *Truth*, leave off, for I can't bear
 Your whining Strains, nor will I longer hear
 Such melancholly Whimlies, they're such stuff,
 Which suits not with my Age : I have enough
 Of it already, and also of you,
 Since you my Int'rest strive to overthrow.
 When I appeal'd to you I was perplexed,
 And with sad Melancholly sorely vexed :

But

But since I do perceive the storm is o'er,
You I do't think to trouble any more.
Long-winded Sermons, Sir, I do not love,
Nor of your Doctrine in the least approve.
No Liberty to me I see you'll give,
In sweet Delight and Pleasures for to Live.
I don't intend Phanatick yet to turn,
Nor after such distracted People run ;
An easier way to Heaven I do know,
And therefore, Sir, Farewel, farewell to you.
My Bride, my Sports, and my old Company,
I will enjoy, and all my Bravery.
I will hold fast, yea, wantonly fulfil
My fleshly Mind, say Preachers what they will.

Conscience.

Ah Youth, ah Youth ! is't so in very deed,
Wilt thou no more unto *God's Truth* give heed ?
'Twas but my Mouth to stop I now do find,
That unto *Truth* you seemingly inclin'd.
But this, O Soul, I must assure to thee,
What thou hast heard has much enlightned me,
And my Commission too it doth renew,
As will appear by what doth next ensue.
Have you from God been called thus upon,
And shall your Heart be hardned like a Stone ?
You can't plead Ignorance, O Youth, 'tis so,
You plainly now have heard what you can do.
Your Sin will be of grievous Aggravation,
If quickly you don't make a Recantation.
Your Sin will be of a deep Scarlet Dye,
And many stripes prepared for thy.

With which you must be beat ; because that you
Your Master's Will so perfectly do know ;
But for to do the same you still refuse,
And your poor Conscience wickedly abuse :
You'll shew your self a cursed Rebel now,
If unto Christ with speed you do not bow.
Wilt thou thy Sins retain when thou dost hear
How much against the Living God they are ?
Wilt thou cast Dirt into his Blessed Face ?
Oh ! tremble Soul, and dread thy present case.

YOUTH.

Now my good Days I see they will be gone,
My inward Thoughts will ne'er let me alone ;
Ah that I could but Sin without controul,
And *Conscience* would no more disturb my Soul ;
His bitter Gripes much longer I can't bear ;
He's grown so strong that little hope is there,
But he'll prevail, such Conflicts do I feel,
My Courage now, and Resolutions reel :
But yet I am resolv'd once more to try,
And struggle hard to get the Mastery.
I cowardly will not acquit the Field,
Nor at the Second Summons will I yield.
I'll make once more another stout Assay,
E're unto *Conscience* I will yield the Day.
Ah ! how can I my sweet Delights forsake,
Without resistance to the last I make ?
Conscience, although I sinful am, yet see
There's many Thousand Sinners worse than me ;
There's none can live, and from all Sin be clear,
That I from *Truth* did very lately hear.

My

30 Conscience *scareth the Young-man.*

My Heart is good, though it is true, that I
Am overcome thorough Humane Frailty.

Conscience. (mends)

O cursed wretch ! dar'st thou thy heart com
Come tremble, Soul, and it to pieces rend.
Don't I most clearly in thy Heart behold
Most horrid Lust, ^{twould} shame thee were it told
All Rottenness and Filth do I espy,
In that base Heart of thine, to lurk and lie :
There *Vipers* breed, and many a *Cockatrice*,
The spawn of every Sin and evil Vice.
Like a Sepulchre, Soul, thou art within,
Nought's there but stink, and putrifying Sin,
Out from thy Heart all evil doth ascend,
And yet wilt thou thy filthy Heart commend
And dost thou think thy State good for to be
Cause thou dost find many as bad as thee?
You are so naught, if you from Sin don't turn,
You must for Sin in Hell for ever burn.
Except you do repent, *Truth* tells you plain,
You perish must in everlasting Pain.

Truth.

Well, say no more, if this be so I must
Go unto *Truth* again, or I shall burst ;
My Heart will break I clearly do discern ;
I therefore now must yield, and also learn,
What's my Estate, my Nature, that I'd know ;
Come, *Truth*, I pray will you this favour show,
As to explain this thing to me more clear,
For *Conscience* doth my Soul with horror scare.
Is he i'th' right, O *Truth*, or is he wrong ?
I find Convictions in me very strong.

What

What is my State, declare it unto me,
and set my troubled Soul at Liberty.

Truth.

What *Conscience* speaks, O Young-man, is most
And vain it is longer with him to fight: (right,
Conscience against thee doth his witness bear,
And dreadful Danger also doth declare;
Those he condemns by Light receiv'd from me,
Th' Eternal God condemns assuredly.
And God is greater than thy Heart, O Soul,
Who can enough thy grievous State condole;
If *Conscience* does its Testimony give,
That you in Sin and cursed ways do live;
And that thou art an Unconverted Wretch,
If 'tis from hence between you there's a breach:
And if't be so, as it you can't deny,
What would you do if you this night should die?
If in this State this Life you do depart,
Undone for evermore, Young-man, thou art:
As sure as is the mighty God in Heaven,
Against thy Soul the Sentence will be given.
Conscience his Power did from God receive;
And if you don't obey, and him believe,
And do reject his Motions, 'tis all one,
As if Christ Jesus you did tread upon:
Whilst he doth rule by Laws that are Divine,
'Tis Treason him to stop, or undermine,
And once again, to shew thee thy Estate,
Thou being, Young-man, not Regenerate.
No God nor Christ have you; 'tis even so,
And this indeed's the sum of all your Woe.

In

In God no Int'rest, *Youth*, hast thou at all,
 He's quite departed ever since the Fall,
 And is become that dreadful Enemy ;
 His angry Face is set most veh'mently
 Against thy Soul, and that's a fearful thing,
 Enough thy Pride with vengeance down to bring,
 Each attribute against thy Soul is set,
 And all of them also together met,
 To make thee ev'ry way most miserable,
 Which wrath for to withstand what man is able ?
 He'll suddenly thy Soul to pieces tare,
 And his Eternal Vengeance make thee bear :
 His Wrath it will upon thy Soul remain,
 Till you, by Faith, are truly born again.

Youth.

*This Doctrine which to me you declare,
 It is enough to drive one to Despair :
 If it be so, I grant I am undone,
 But God is gracious, and hath sent his Son.
 He's full of Bowels, therefore hope do I,
 He'll not on me his Justice magnify.*

Truth.

Ti's true, God's gracious, yet he will not clear
 Those guilty Souls, who don't his Justice fear.
 He's very Gracious, yet he's full of Ire,
 And is to such like a consuming Fire,
 He sent his Son, 'tis true, for Souls to die,
 But many miss, and falsely do apply
 His precious Blood, therefore my Counsel take,
 Don't you too soon an Application make
 Of God's sweet Grace, nor yet of Christ's dear
 Until by you the Gospel's understood. (Blood,
 Those

Those who are whole need no Physician have,
The sick and wounded Soul Christ came to save.
What dost thou judge thy present State to be,
How does it stand, and is it now with thee?

Youth.

I am a Sinner, and my Heart doth bleed;
My Sin-sick Soul, doth a sweet Saviour need.
My Conscience tells me, that I am most vile,
And grievously for Sin doth me turmoil.

Truth.

No Saviour you can have, unless you do
Resolve to leave your Sins, and let them go:
Nor for your Wounds is there a Help be sure,
Till Causes be remov'd, which do procure,
And bring on you that Pain and bitter Smart,
Which you cry out, has seiz'd upon your Heart.

Youth.

My trembling Soul's amaz'd and fill'd with fear;
Another way, O Truth, thy Course I'll steer:
I must forsake all evil Ways, for I
Do see the Danger and the Misery,
Which doth attend the way that I am in,
Whilst I do keep and hug my cursed Sin.
There's scarce a Night which passeth o'er my Head,
But dread I do the making of my Bed;
(E're Morning comes) in the sad depths of Hell.
My Conscience therefore now does me compel,
To bid adieu to all sweet Joy and Pleasure,
To Lies and Fraud, and all unlawful Treasure.
In sports and games I'll take no more Delight,
Instead of which I'll pray both Day and Night.

C

Conscience

Conscience *has overcome me with his Gripes ;*
 Truth follows him so with his threatned stripes.
 The Wall's broke down, the old Man runs away,
 And Conscience follows too, to cut and slay ;
 And threatens too no Quarter he will give,
 And seems before him every thing to drive.
 Lust forced is in Corners now to fly,
 Where ~~it~~ doth hide it self most secretly ;
 And watcheth also, thinking for to get
 An opportunity once more to set,
 And fall on Conscience, which it doth disdain
 Cause Conscience says Corruption must be slain.
 I side with him, because I would have Peace,
 But still 'tis doubtful when those Wars will cease.

Dehil.

What pity is't thy Sun should set so soon,
 Or should be Clouded thus before 'tis Noon
 No sooner risen in thy Horizon,
 And sweetly shines, but presently is gone :
 Shall Winter come before the Spring is past,
 And all its Fruit be spoil'd with one sad Blast
 Shall that brave Flower which doth seem so gay
 So quickly fade, and wither quite away ?
 What pity is't that one so young as thee
 Should thus be brought into Captivity ?
 Hark not to Conscience, for I dare maintain,
 'Tis better for to hug thy Sins again.
 Thy Conscience, Youth, thou hast too lately found
 Doth but amaze, and give thy Soul a wound.
 Consider well, advise, and thou shalt see,
 My ways are best, come hearken unto me :

I'll give thee honour, pleasure, wealth, and things
Which prized are by Noble Men and Kings :
Let not this Make-bate, with one angry frown,
Throw all thy Glory and thy Pleasure down :
Let not strange Thoughts distress thy troubled
What satisfaction canst thou have or find, (Mind,
But that which floweth from this World alone,
Tis I must raise thee to the sublime Throne ;
The Hell thou fearest may but be a Story,
And Heaven also but a feigned Glory.
If this don't startle thee, then speedily
I will stir up some other Enemy.
Old Man rouse up, I charge you to awake,
And swiftly too, your Life lies at the Stake.
And Mistress Heart, stir up your wilful Will ?
Is this a season for him to sit still ?
If unto *Truth* and *Conscience* he gives place,
Our Int'rest will you'll see go down apace ;
Judgment is gone already, and doth yield,
And Courage too I fear will quit the Field.
Some Sins are slain, and in their Blood doth lie,
And others into Holes are forc'd to fly.
As for Affection he doth hold his own,
Tho' *Conscience* doth upon him sadly frown,
Remembrance will unto him trait'rous prove,
If I his Thoughts from Sermons can't remove,
I'll make his mind run after things below,
And raise up trouble which he did not know ;
And he'll forget what he did lately hear,
And cease will then his former thoughts and fear.
If I can please his sensual Appetite,
There is no fear of any sudden flight.

His Breast is tender, apt to entertain
 The sparks of Lust, which long he can't restrain
 I'll blow them up, and kindle them anew,
 And to Convictions soon he'll bid adieu.
 New Objects I'll present unto his Sight,
 In which I'm sure he can't but take delight
 I have such hold of him, there is no doubt,
 But I once more shall turn him quite about.
 His *Old Companions* also I'll provoke,
 At's Door again to give another stroke ;
 Their strong Inticements hardly he'll withstand
 They can (you see) his Spirit soon command
 Youth's old Companions.

How do you, Sir ? what is the cause that
 Can't (here of late) enjoy your Company ?
 It seems to us as if you were grown strange,
 As if in Youth there were some sudden change

Youth.

*I have not had the opportunity,
 Besides on me there does some Burden lye,
 Which doth press down my Spirits very sore,
 And makes me seldom to go out of Door.*

Companions.

I warr'nt you, Sirs, 'tis Sin afflicts his Soul,
 And he is just now going to turn Fool.
 Come, come away, to Age such Grief belongs
 To youth brave mirth & sweet melodious song
 Come drive these thoughts away with Pipe & Po
 Sing and Carouse till they are quite forgot.
 The lovely Strains of the well-tuned Lute,
 Where Plays they act, do with our Nature sut

Come

Come, go with us upon a brave Design, (thine.
The which will cheer that drooping Heart of
Come, Generous Soul, let thy ambitious Eye,
Such foolish Fancies and vain Dreams defy.
Shall thy Heroick Spirit thus give place,
To silly Dotage, to thy great Disgrace?

Ulcinus.

The young Man yields, being possess'd with fears,
They would reproach him else with Scoffs and
But afterwards his Head begins to ach, (Jeers :
And *Conscience* then afresh begins to wake,
And stings him after such a bitter sort,
It puts a Period to his Jovial Sport. (sage,
The thoughts of death, which sickness doth pre-
Doth trouble him, he cannot bear the rage,
And inward gripes of his enlightn'd Breast,
And therefore now again he thinks 'tis best
To hark to *Conscience*, whom he did refuse,
And grievously did many times abuse.

Conscience.

(dition,

Go mourn, thou Wretch, for sad is thy Con-
Pour forth amain the Water of Contrition ;
Wilt thou appear to Men Godly to be,
When all is nothing but Hypocrisy ?
Wilt thou to *Truth* so often lend an Ear,
And yet to *Satan* also thus adhere ?
You had as good have kept your former Station,
As thus to yield afresh unto Temptation :
Go unto *Truth*, if God give space and room,
Before I do pronounce your final Doom.

Truth.

(lose

Come, come, *Young-man*, don't thy Conviction
 But cherish them, and timely also choose,
 The one thing needful, which alone is good,
 That God may wash thy Soul in Christ his Blood
 Thy Soul is precious, 'tis of greater worth
 Than all the things that are upon the Earth.
 For if that the whole world you now could gain
 And all the Pleasures of it could obtain ;
 And in exchange your Soul should lose thereby
 What would your profit be when you must die
 When once thy Soul is lost, thou lovest all :
 Oh ! that will be a very dismal Fall;
 Dost thou not know what I of Hell declare,
 Of th' hideous howlings of the damned there
 How canst thou with devouring Fire dwell,
 Or lye with Devils in the lowest Hell ?
 Those who do in their nat'ral State remain,
 Must live for ever in that restless Pain.
 All Fornicators, Drunkards, and the Liar,
 Must have their Portion in that Lake of Fire :
 With Thieves, Revilers, and Extortioners,
 And such who are most vile Idolators :
 The Proud, the Swearer, and the Covetous,
 God doth pronounce to them the self-same curse
 And those who live in vile Hypocrisy,
 Or do back-slide into Apostacy ;
 Let such unto my present Words give heed,
 Their pain and torment shall all Men's exceed.
 What wilt thou do, or whither canst thou fly ?
 Where canst thou hide from the great Majesty ?

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Who tryes the reigns, and searches every heart,
Conscience declares that thou most guilty art.
Condemned Soul, thou know'st that this is so,
And this moreover which I plainly show ;
Will come to pass, as sure as God's above,
If from all Sin with speed you don't remove :
As sure as you do live, when-e'er you die,
To Hell you go to all Eternity :
Except Repentance in your Soul be wrought,
With vengeance thither you'll at last be brought:
You are the Man for whom God did prepare,
That dreadful Tophet where the damned are ;
The which is made exceeding large and deep,
The Damned in that doleful place to keep.
Oh ! call to mind what *Conscience* doth this day
Charge you withal before you're swept away ;
Lest you from him do hear no more at all,
Till you into those scorching Flames do fall ;
What mercy is't that *Conscience* strive so long,
And his Convictions still in you are strong.
Oh fear, lest Sin do fear your *Conscience* quite,
And God also put out your Candle-light ;
And give you up unto a Heart of Stone.
As he in wrath has served many a one ;
Then to repent it will be much too late ;
Such is the danger of a 'lapsed State.
Young-man take heed you don't this work delay,
And put it off unto another day.
Your own Experience may discover this,
Man's Life a bubble and a vapour is.
Alas ! thy days on Earth will be but few,
They fly away like to the Morning-dew ;

Like as the Cloud and Shadow swiftly flies,
 Or Dew doth pass as soon as Sun doth rise :
 So fly thy Days, thy golden Months and Years
 Much like the Blossom which most gay appears
 And on a sudden fades, and does decay ;
 So Youth oft-times doth wither quite away.
 Thy age thou dost unto the Spring compare,
 And to the Flowers which appear so rare !
 From hence, O *young-man*, learn Instruction now
 Don't thy Exper'ence daily teach thee how
 The Flower withers, and hangs down its Head
 Which curiously of late so flourished :
 The Meadows clad in glorious array,
 But's soon cut down, and turned all to Hay ?
 Like *Jonah's* Gourd, which sprang up in a Night,
 And perished as soon as it was light.
 Or like a Post, which quickly passeth by,
 Or Weaver's Shuttle, which he maketh fly :
 Or as a Ship when she is under Sail,
 Doth run most swift when she has a full Gale ;
 So are thy days, they in like manner fly :
 How many little Graves may'st thou espy ?
 Come measure now thy days, and see their length
 Number 'em not by years, by health or strength.
 All these uncertain Rules you must refuse,
 Tho' that's the way which most of Men do use.
 They think to live till they old-aged are,
 'Cause their Progenitors long-lived were.
 That Rule from *Truth* you see doth greatly vary,
 And which Exper'ence sheweth is contrary.
 You hear the things which you should reckon by,
 Things swift in motion, gone most speedily.
 Thy

Thy Life's uncertain, Youth, 'tis but a Blast,
 Thy Sand is little, long it will not last ;
 Thy House though new; yet it is very old,
 Gone to decay, and turning to the Mould.
 You're born to die, and dead also you were,
 Before you liv'd or breathed in the Air ;
 And die you must, before that live you do,
 Except you die to live, as I do show.
 Thy dreadful Ruin, Soul, is very nigh,
 Unless thy Tears prevent it speedily.
 What is thy purpose now, what's in thy Mind ?
 Which way dost think to take? how art inclin'd ?

Youth.

*Thy ways, O Truth, I am resolv'd to run,
 And never more will I to Folly turn.
 I tremble at the thoughts of Death and Hell,
 My Soul is wounded, and my Wounds do swell,
 My Pains increase, therefore my purpose now
 Is far more strict to be, and for to bow
 Unto Christ Jesus, that I may obtain
 Some healing Med'cine to remove my Pain.
 No rest can I, save in my Duty, find,
 Unto Pray'r am very much inclin'd.
 God will, I hope, these latter Sins forgive,
 Since I more Godly do intend to live :
 And so resolve to watch, and take such care,
 That Satan shall no more my Soul insnare.*

Ulcinus.

He from this day becomes a great Professor.
 Though far from being yet a true Possessor ;
 Christ he has got into his Mouth and Head,
 And not internally rais'd from the Dead,

But

But in old *Adam* still does he remain,
 Not knowing what 'tis to be born again.
 When Satan sees it is in vain to strive,
 The Soul into its former State to drive;
 But that it will forsake cross Wickedness,
 And will also the Truths of Christ profess;
 He yields thereto, resolving secretly,
 To blind its Eyes in close Hypocrisy;
 And so appears under a new disguise,
 Most subtilly thy Soul for to surprize;
 Persuading him the War which he doth find
 Daily to be within his troubled Mind,
 Is Saving-Grace against Iniquity,
 Which has prevail'd, and got the Victory;
 When it is common Grace (we do so call)
 And not the Grace that's super-natural.
 He takes the work of Legal Reformation.
 For th' only work of true Regeneration.
 Here he doth rest, and seem to be at ease,
 When all is done, his Conscience to appease.
 But I'll give place to this Religious Youth,
 To hear Discourse between him and the Truth.

Youth.

*Oh! happy I, and blessed be the Day,
 That unto Truth and Conscience I gave way.
 I would not be in my old state again,
 If I thereby some thousands might obtain.
 From Wrath and Hell my Soul is now set free,
 For I don't doubt but I converted be.
 The Word with Power so to me was brought,
 A Glorious Change within my Soul was wrought.*

Truth.

Truth.

Young-man, take heed, lest you mistaken are,
Conversion's hard : it is a work so rare,
That very few that narrow passage enter, (ture,
Tho' far that way there's thousands do adven-
Yet miss the mark for all their inward strife,
They fall far short of the new-creature Life,
Come, let me hear your Grounds or Evidence,
For I don't like your seeming Confidence.
I doubt I shall find you under God's Curse,
And still your Case as bad, if not much worse,
Than 'twas when you did no Profession make,
But did your swing in all Prophaneness take.
The *Pharisee* was a Religious Man,
Yet nearer Heaven was the *Publican*.
If short of Christ you fix or fasten do,
'Twill be your ruin and your overthrow.

Youth.

*What do you mean? this Doctrine's too severe ;
For all might see that I converted were.*

*But if my Grounds you are resolv'd to weigh,
You shall forthwith hear what I have to say ;
And the first Ground which I resolve to bring,
For to evince, to clear, and prove the thing,
Is from Convictions, which I have of Sin ;
Which once I hugged, and delighted in.*

Truth.

Alas, poor Soul ! this Reason soon will fly,
For most do see their vile Iniquity.
They are convinced by their inward Light,
That Sin is odious in *JEHOVAH's* sight.

But

But yet vile Sinners are, nevertheless,
 And don't one dram of saving-grace possess.
 King *Pharaoh*, *Esaú*, yea, and *Judas* too,
 They were convinced of your Sins, you know:
 That they were Saints there's no Man doth be-
 For all those three the Devil did deceive. (lieve,
 As he beguiled them, he may likewise,
 With cunning Stratagems your Soul surprize.
 Nay, and he has, so far as I can judge,
 Unless you do some better Reason urge,
 To prove Conversion in your Soul is wrought;
 I do declare your state is very nought.
 How many Men under Convictions lie,
 Yet never born again until they die?
 What hast thou else to say, and to produce,
 Since slight Convictions are of little use?

Wouth.

*I do not only see my Sin, but I
 Do mourn and grieve for Sin continually;
 And those which so do mourn they blessed are,
 Don't you also the self same thing declare?*

Truth.

Nay, hold a little, thou mayst weep amain,
 And yet in thee may many Evils reign.
 And thou mayst mourn for Sin as many do,
 Because of shame, of bitter pain and woe;
 Which now it brings, and leads unto i'th' end,
 And not because thereby you do offend
 The living God, and wound your Saviour, who
 Did, for your sake, such torment undergo.
 Mourn more for th'evil which doth come thereby
 Than for the Evil which in it doth lye.

This

This Ground is weak ; for *Eſau*, it appears,
Did mourn and weep, and let fall bitter tears :
And yet you know, that *Eſau* was prophane,
And far was he from being born again.

Youth.

*But I go farther yet, I do confeſs
My horrid Evils and my guiltineſs ;
If I confeſs my Sins, as I have done,
God he is juſt, and is the faithful One ;
Who will my Sins forgive, and pardon quite,
And blot them out of his own precious ſight.
This being ſo, what cauſe then can you ſee,
But that I'm turn'd from my Iniquity.*

Truth.

This will not do, 'tis not a certain Ground ;
Some do confeſs their Sins, whoſe heart's unſound.
When *Pharaoh* ſaw the Judgment of the Hail,
His Heart began then greatly for to fail.
I've ſinn'd this time, the Lord is Juſt, ſaid he,
I, and my People alſo, wicked be,
Thô Pharaoh, Saul and Judas, each of them,
God did reject, and utterly condemn ;
Yet theſe, when under wrath, are forc'd to cry
Lord, we have ſinn'd, their Conſcience ſo did fly
Into their Faces, that it made them quake,
And unto God Confefſion ſtrait to make ;
Confefſion may be made alſo in part,
And not of ev'ry Sin that's in the Heart.
Men may confeſs their ſins, and their great guilt,
Who the dire Nature of it never felt.
Confeſs their Sins in their Extremity,
When Conſcience pinches them moſt bitterly.

Confefſ

Confess their Sins, which they committed have,
Yet don't intend those cursed Sins to leave.

Youth.

*But I confess, and also do forsake,
My state therefore, 'tis clear, you do mistake :
Those who confess, and do their Sins forego,
God will to them his precious Mercy show :
Therefore don't trouble me, 'tis very plain,
I for my part am truly born again.*

Truth.

In this also you may deceived be,
Men may forsake all gross Iniquity ;
Yet in their Souls may some sweet Morfel lie,
Which they may hug, and keep close secretly.
They may Sin leave, but not as it is Sin ;
Which has too often manifested been.
If the least Sin thou didst forsake aright,
All Sin would then be odious in thy sight.
Judgment and Reason may your Sins oppose,
And utterly refuse with them to close ;
Yet may thy will and thy affections joyn,
To favour still, and love those Sins of thine.
If Sin's not out of thy affection cast,
Thou wilt appear an Hypocrite at last.
If Sin's i'th' Will, and in th' Affections found,
'Tis a true sign thy Heart is quite unsound.
Like to the Sea-man some Professors do,
Who over-board some Goods are forc'd to throw,
When they do meet with storms, & with bad wea-
Lest all their Goods & Ship do sink together. (ther,
When in the Soul great storms and tempests rise,
The Devil then may subtilly advise

The

have, The Soul to throw some of its Sins away,
e. To make a Calm, that so thereby he may
Persuade the Soul the danger is quite gone,
And that the Work in him is fully done.
'Tis not enough therefore some Sins to leave,
But ev'ry Sin you must resolve to heave,
And cast o'er-board, yea, and that willingly,
Or else you sink to all Eternity.
Not by constraint as *Conscience* doth compel,
As some are forc'd to do, who like it well :
Who leave the Act, but love it to retain ;
Such leave their Sins, and yet their Sins remain.

Truth.

lie, *These are hard sayings which you do relate,*
etly. *And I indeed should question my Estate,*
Were't not for other Grounds and Reasons clear,
By which I know that I converted were.
fe, *Sir, there's in me a very glorious change,*
Most Men admire it, and do think it strange,
e. *That one, who lately did both scoff and jeer*
Those Men and People which I now do hear ;
And follow'd Vice, and ev'ry Vanity,
Should on a sudden thus reformed be :
nd, *And utterly my self also deny,*
d. *Of my sweet Joys, and former Company.*

Truth.

row, From outward filthiness a Man may turn,
wea- And not be chang'd in heart when he has done,
ther, A Legal Change I grant he may be under,
rise, Yet may not Soul and Self be cut asunder.
The An outward change in Men there may be wrought
And yet their Hearts within be very naught.

The

The Swine that wallows in the Mire now,
May washed be, but still remains a Sow.
Persons may cleanse the out-side of the Cup,
And Dogs may spue their nasty Vomit up,
But yet do keep their Beastly Nature still,
And e're a while they manifest it will.
Many Professors fall away, and die,
For want of being changed thorowly.
The *Pharisee* was chang'd, he did appear
As if indeed a precious Saint he were :
And differ'd quite from the poor *Publican*,
And thought himself a far more happy Man.
But all this was in shew, and not in Heart,
And therefore had in Christ no share nor part.
Except your Righteousness doth his excel,
You in no wise shall in God's Kingdom dwell.
'Tis a false change, and cannot be a true,
Unless you in all things are wholly new.
Old *Herod* will reform in many things,
When once he finds his *Conscience* bites and stings.
To hear *John Baptist* also was he led,
Yet afterwards depriv'd him of his Head.
So far this seeming Saint was turn'd aside,
That he also your Saviour did deride ;
And when his Men of War set him at nought,
Whilst Accusations they against him sought.
Simon the Sorcerer, also you read,
Was changed, so he gave great care and heed,
To *Philip's* Preachings : yea, and suddenly
He leaves his Witchcrafts and his Sorcery ;
And yet a cursed Caitiff all the while,
Like a Sepulchre painted, inward vile.

another Man in shew 'tis like thou art,
 let not made new, and changed in thy Heart,
 Men in thy Life may no great blemish 'spy,
 let in thy Breast much Rottenness may lye.
 Towards all Men thy Conscience may be clear,
 Conscience so far may for thee Witness bear,
 That you in Morals it do not offend ;
 let unto God it may not you commend.
 But otherwise it in your Face may fly,
 and you condemn for Sin continually :
 for secret Evils which it's privy to,
 Which none knows of, save only God and you.
 Therefore, O Young-man ! if you look about,
 if your Conversion you have cause to doubt.
 Can so greatly may your Heart deceive,
 that not one dram of Grace your Soul may have,
 Which saving is, and of the purest kind,
 or that, alas ! there's very few do find.

Youth.

But I am call'd of God, and do obey
 the Voice of Truth and Conscience ev'ry day.
 God's called ones I'm sure you can't deny,
 that they are such whom he doth justify :
 therefore 'tis clear, and very evident,
 that Grace alone hath made me penitent.
 My Heart is sound, my Graces true also ;
 Confidence there's none shall overthrow.

Truth.

Thou seem'st too confident, 'tis a bad sign ;
 for Fears attend where saving-Grace doth shine.
 Tell thee, Youth, that many called be,
 but few are chosen from Eternity.

Judas was call'd, and did obey in part,
And yet he was a Devil in his Heart.
There is an outward, and an inward Call,
The latter only is effectual.

Therefore you must produce some better ground
For this don't prove that your *Conversion's* sound
But that thou may'st stick fast still in the Birth
Or prove Abortive when thou art brought forth
'Tis rare, O Youth! for to be born anew,
And hard to find out when the work is true.

Youth.

*Though it be so, what cause have I to fear,
When that my Evidences are so clear?
I do believe, and trust in God through Faith
And he which so doth do, the witness hath
Within himself, and shall assuredly
Be saved also when he comes to die.*

Truth:

Thou may'st believe, as most of People do
And yet to Hell at last thy Soul may go.
The Faith of Credence it is like you have,
Which cannot quicken, purify, or save.
Some Jews believ'd in Christ you also find,
Yet to their lusts their Hearts were then inclin'd
And out of Satan's Kingdom were not freed
Nor made Disciples of the Lord indeed.
Simon the Sorcerer, he did believe,
Yet did his Soul no saving-Grace receive;
But was a Child of *Satan* ne'ertheless,
And still was in the Gall of Bitterness.
The stony Ground with joy receiv'd the Seed
And for a time brought forth, as you may read

And yet their hearts *they* were but hearts of stone,
 Their Faith was temporary, soon 'twas gone.
 The Devils do believe as well as you ;
 Yea, and confess that Jesus they do know ;
 They tremble also, which some Men can't say
 They ever did unto this present day.
 Such Faith as Devils have, most Men obtain,
 Which serves for nought, save to augment their
 If on a Death-bed *Conscience* do awake, (pains
 'Twill cause them then to tremble and to quake,
 And roar like Devils when they do espy
 The dreadful wrath of that great Majesty,
 Whom they offended, and against their Light,
 And knowledge too, most wickedly did slight.
 This Faith will serve their grief to aggravate,
 But not to help them out of that Estate.
 'Tis easie to believe that Christ did die,
 But hard his Blood in truth for to apply.
 Men may raise up the Dead to Life again,
 As easie as true saving Faith obtain
 By their own power, and inherent skill,
 Nought doth oppose it more than Man's own will,
 Lord Almighty Power makes it bend,
 'Twill not to Grace nor Jesus condescend.
 That pow'r which rais'd up Jesus from the dead,
 Works Faith in Saints, whereby they'r quicken'd ;
 The Faith of Credence, and Historical,
 Is easie had, I ne'er deny it shall ;
 But precious Faith, the Faith of God's Elect,
 As 'tis a Grace, and gloriously bedeckt
 With other Graces, so, 'twill never grow,
 But in the honest Heart where God doth sow

The blessed Seed, which, like a Garden pure,
 Doth yield its Fruit to th' last you may be sure
 And when this Faith is wrought in any Soul,
 It throws down self, and wholly then doth roll
 On Jesus Christ, as its Beloved One,
 On whom it rests, and doth depend alone.
 If God has wrought this precious Grace in thee,
 Sin thou dost hate, yea, all Iniquity ;
 And Lust doth not predominate and reign,
 If thou by Faith art truly Born again.
 Christ thou exalt'st as he is Priest and King,
 And as a Prophet too in ev'ry thing ;
 He does in thee wholly the Scepter sway,
 And thou art govern'd by him ev'ry day.
 Sin can't prevail, such is thy happy case,
 If thou hast got this rare victorious Grace ;
 It purges and doth purify the Heart,
 Wholly renewing thee in ev'ry part.
 Men by its Fruits true Faith do come to know
 And by their Works the same do also show ;
 What Faith is thine ? what think'st thou now of it
 I greatly fear 'twill prove a Counterfeit.
 Examine thy Estate, and take good heed,
 To close with Jesus Christ, and that with speed
 For as the Body without the Spirit's dead,
 The same of Faith you know is also said.
 Without Obedience doth thy Faith attend,
 Yet for all this you'll perish in the end.

Youth:

*I am obedient, and am free to joyn
 In Fellowship with Saints, such Faith is mine ;*

a pure,
y before
y Soul,
both ro
one. The
e in the

*willing am to do, as to believe ;
he Devil cann't therefore my Soul deceive :
or I have clos'd with Christ already so,
that none my Faith shall ever overthrow.
The many Prayers I make both day and night,
Do doubtless prove that my Conversion's right.*

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Truth.

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I tell thee, Soul, Men may do more than this,
And yet they may of true Conversion miss.
God's Ordinances many do obey,
And Members of God's Holy Church are they.
And of its Priviledges seem to share,
As if that they Converted truly were.
They may discourse, and seem to be devout,
And may not be discerned, nor found out :
They with the Flock may walk, lie down and feed
And so remain till many years succeed :
Nay, not discover'd be, until they stand
Among the Goats at Jesus Christ's Left-hand.
The foolish Virgins joyn'd themselves with wise ;
And for to meet the Bridegroom did arise ;
But e're the Bridegroom came, their case was sad,
For they nought else save empty Vessels had.
A bare Profession, and a meer out-side ;
And did no Oyl, no saving Grace provide.
Many great Preachers, and Disputers too,
Christ will not own, nor any favour shew ;
Though in his Name they mighty works have
He'll say to them, *Ye wicked ones be gone, (done,*
I know you not, therefore be gone from me,
All you vile workers of Iniquity.

You say oft-times you seek the Lord in Prayer
 That you may do, and let fall many a Tear,
 And yet not be in a Converted State;
 For many seek with Tears when 'tis too late:
 Others, like Seamen in a Storm, do cry,
 When *Conscience* doth rebuke them bitterly:
 And some under Affliction cry and howl,
 And grievously their State do then condole;
 Then Promises and Resolutions make,
 That they such Courses will no longer take;
 But when the storm and the affliction's o'er,
 They are as bad, nay, worser than before.
 Some pray in Form, and others pray by Art,
 And some to mend the badness of their Heart
 Their Hearts are wounded, and then speedily,
 Their Prayers to heal it, they do strait apply.
 They sin ith day, and pray when it is night:
 They sin again, but Pray'r doth heal it quite.
 They think 'tis well, if Tears they can let fall,
 Their Tears and Pray'rs they think will cure all
 And so that way poor *Conscience* they beguile;
 They silence him, yet Sinners all the while.
 Their Pray'rs, alas! can't wash their Filth away.
 Tho' they do nothing else both night and day.
 'Tis on their Pray'rs they rest, and do depend,
 Which, like a broken staff, they fall ith end.
 A Saint in Pray'r no rest nor ease can gain,
 Unless *Christ's* Blood thereby he doth obtain;
 And Grace also, his Sins to mortify;
 For *Christ*, as well as Pardon, he doth cry:
 But otherwise it is with most of Men,
 They cry for Pardon, but do also then

In their vile Hearts regard Iniquity ;
And for this cause God doth their Suit deny.
Their Prayers are to God abomination,
Whilst they do hide, and cover their *transgression*.
Some out of custom do perform their Pray'r,
Not out of Conscience, or from Godly-care ;
And others also for Vain-Glory sake,
Like *Pharisees*, they many Prayers make.
In sight of Men, in Publick such will pray,
But in the Closet little have to say.
And some to God also seem to draw near,
Yet not in Love, nor out of filial Fear, (show,
They with their *mouthes & tongues* much kindness
When as their Hearts are fixt on things below.
'Tis for the Heart that Christ doth chiefly call,
And reason 'tis that he should have it all ;
For he the same did buy, and purchase dear,
Yet *Satan* has the chief possession there.
God at the Door, and in the Porch doth stand,
Whilst *Satan* may the bravest Room command.
They'll hope to him, and keep *Jehovah* out,
And yet in Pray'r they seem to be devout,
There's some will pray, and up this duty keep,
When th' Soul is quiet, and th' Body near asleep.
Whoever Prays, and Prays not fervently,
In Faith, in Truth, and in Sincerity ;
Their Pray'rs are Sin, and them God will not hear,
Nor mind their cry, when they to him draw near.
'Tis not enough a Duty for to know ;
But how also each Duty you should do.
For Men may Pray, Read, Hear, and Meditate,
And yet be in an Unconverted State.

They outwardly may many Truths profess,
But not in Heart the pow'r of them possess.
The Law i'th' Letter keep, yea, have the Shell
Yet feeds on Husks, and want the true Kerne
The Young-man which to Jesus Christ did run
He many things, as well as you, had done ;
And yet fell short, as you may plainly see,
Of the chief part of true Christianity.
What say you now, O *Youth*, do you not fear,
That you by Satan much deceived are ?
Have you no *Dalilah*, which secretly
Doth in your Heart, or in your Bosom lye ?
Don't you to Sin some secret Love retain ?
If it be so, you are not Born again.
Conscience, I fear, and God's restraining Grace,
Has only stopt you in your former Race.
Like to a Dog that's kept up by a Chain,
So *Conscience* does from Sin oft-times restrain.
But if the Chain should slip, then loose he goes,
And presently his churlish Nature shows.
To your own Righteousness do you not trust ;
I fear you do, come speak, or *Conscience* must.
Don't you conclude God is oblig'd to you,
Since you have let so many Evils go ?
And are so holy here of late become.
Are not your Duties set up in the room,
And place of Christ ? Oh ! see you do not make
A Saviour of your own, for Jesus sake.
Did ever Sin sinful to you appear ?
And, as 'tis Sin, to it great hatred bear ?
Wou'd you not Sin were there no Hell of pain,
Because you know the Lord doth it disdain ?
Rather,

Rather, is't not from fear of Punishment,
 That you of late seem thus for to relent ?
 Or doth there not some carnal base design,
 Move thee so far unto God's Truth to joyn ?
 Is not thy end to get a Name thereby ?
 Or only done *Conscience* to satisfy ?
 Or done to free thee from Reproach or Shame,
 Which Sin doth bring upon a Person's Name ?
 Hast not it done, and wisely cast about
 This way, for to prevent a Bankrupt ?
 Or done for to augment thy outward store ;
 To save thy Stock, and add unto it more ?
 For Riotous Living, which attends thy Age,
 Consumes apace, and want it doth presage.
 Come speak, O Youth, and be thou not unfree
 To let me understand how 'tis with thee.
 Come, call to mind what thou hast heard of late,
 And thereby judge of this thy present State.

Youth.

*I do not see but my Condition's good,
 I have such hope and faith in Christ's dear Blood :
 Though many Imperfections I do see,
 Yet God is Gracious, and will pardon me :
 For many failings there are in the best ;
 What is amiss I'll mend, and so do rest.*

Truth.

Thy Hope will fail like to the Spider's Web,
 Thy Flood of Confidence will have its Ebb,
 If thou prove guilty of those things which I
 Did unto thee so lately signifye.
 Thy spots will not be like the spots of those,
 Which God for Children to himself hath chose,
 And

And since you are so loth for to be try'd,
 And lest you should also some Evils hide ;
 To *Conscience* I'll appeal you have done wrong
 To stop his Mouth, and hinder him so long :
 He's so enlightned now he can declare,
 As much as we at present need to hear.
 He'll speak the truth, and his Opinion show,
 And nothing will he hide which he doth know
 If unto him you will attend with care,
 Of other Witnessses no need is there.
 If he, O Young-man, be but on your side,
 And is your Friend, you need none else provid
 But if against you, and do prove your Foe,
 With vengeance then besure down will you go
 But if you will not hear what he shall say,
 He'll make you tremble in the Judgment-day

Conscience, I do, i'th' Name of the great King
 Require you forth your Evidence to bring
 Against this Man, accuse, or set him free,
 According as you find his state to be :
 Stand up for *Christ* your dread & sov'reign Lord
 And judge for him as he doth Light afford.
 Be not deceiv'd by Lust a Bribe to take,
 But judge by Law ; *Christ's* honour lies at stake
 For to speak home and loud, have you forgot
 Is he Converted now, or is he not ?
 What do you say ? your Testimony give :
 Is all Sin dead, or doth there any live ?
 Is he New-born, and chang'd in ev'ry part ?
 Or is't in Shew only, and not in Heart ?

Conscience.

Sir, say no more, I am at your Command,
 And you shall hear how things at present stand.
 He hath, O *Truth*, almost deceived me,
 By's late Pretences unto Sanctity.
 But having now afresh receiv'd more light,
 I must declare he was a Hypocrite.
 He's not renew'd, or truly Born again,
 Which I to you shall clearly now explain.
 For, first of all, his Faculty, call'd Will,
 That is perverse, and very wicked still ;
 Though I stir up to Good every hour,
 Will doth oppose it with his greatest pow'r.
 He'll never pray in private day and night ;
 But I must force him to't with all my might.
 The old Man is not slain I do espy,
 But has much favour shown him secretly.
 Though I do force him into Holes to run,
 Yet he doth nourish him when all is done.
 His Love and his Affections are for Sin,
 And so in truth they ever yet have been.
 He's troubled more at Sin because of Guilt,
 Than at the Odium of its cursed Filth.
 When he's abroad amongst Religious Men,
 Precise and Zealous he is always then :
 But when amongst such who Ungodly be,
 He suits himself to their vile Company.
 Some Sins are left which Men condemn as gross,
 Yet one he keeps, and hugs it very close :
 Lust doth bear Rule, and much Predominate,
 And he on it doth love to Ruminare.

'Tis

'Tis shame and outward fear doth him restrain
 Or else the act he would commit again.
 If he from outward blots can keep his Name,
 That Saints can't him accuse, nor justly blame
 He's satisfy'd, and very well content,
 Though to his Peace I never gave consent.
 Peace he oft-times doth speak unto his Soul,
 And scarce will suffer me him to controul.
 When I sometimes do catch him in a Lye,
 And do reprove him for Hypocrisy;
 To stop my Mouth, he vows, he will with speed
 Amend what is amiss, and take more heed.
 And more than this of him I could relate,
 And shew how you have hit his present state:
 But that he will not suffer me to speak,
 He blinds mine Eyes, that so I might not rake
 Into his Heart and Life, lest he thereby
 Meet with great shame for his Iniquity.

Truth.

Conscience, forbear, you need not to enlarge,
 If you do lay these things unto his charge.
 He is undone, alas! his precious Soul
 Is under Wrath; who can enough condole
 His sad Estate? the Gospel he'll profess,
 But still remains i'th' Land of Bitterness.
 Is this the Saint which seemed so precise,
 And did appear God's Statutes much to prize?
 A Saint in Shew, a Devil in his Heart,
 And must with Devils also have his part.
 This day is coming, and is very near,
 When Hypocrites shall be surpriz'd with fear;

The Everlasting Burning fiery Lake
 Is made more hot, on purpose for his sake.
 But since you are not fear'd, nor I yet gone,
 Before we leave him quite do you go on:
 Let us pursue him still, for who doth know
 What God may yet upon his Spirit do?
 If God grant him one dram of Saving-Grace,
 That will yet do; though 'tis a doubtful case,
 Whether or no God will his Grace afford
 To such as he, who thus offends the Lord.
 For such, whom Satan doth this way deceive,
 'Tis hard to bring them truly to believe.
 He never was convinced thorowly
 Of Sin, and of his nat'ral Misery.
 His lost Estate he truly never saw,
 Nor what it is for to transgress God's Law.
 How he's undone thereby he never knew,
 Nor what for Sin-Original was due.
 And as he did for Sin ne'er kindly Bleed,
 So of a Christ he never saw the need.
 The absolute want and great necessity
 Of Jesus Christ, he never did espy:
 But on false bottoms he has built, 'tis clear;
 I do conjure you, therefore, to declare
 Him utterly unclean from Top to Toe,
 And let him understand you are his Foe.
 The plague is in his Head, and no place free,
 But in his Heart it rages veh'mently.
 Lance him unto the quick, and make him feel;
 Lay on such blows as may cause him to reel.

Conscience.

Conscience.

Come, come, O *Young-man*, listen unto me,
 I will no longer thus deceived be.
 I from God's Word Commission have anew,
 To tell thee what is like^e for to ensue ;
 For all thy hopes and seeming goodly show,
 Thou art a wretched Sinner thou dost know,
 Think it thou on *Conscience* to commit a Rape
 And yet God's dreadful Vengeance to escape
 Dar'st thou again under a new disguise,
 Encounter with those former Enemies ?
 You are the same I'm sure, although you have
 Changed your Coat, poor Mortals to deceive
 Ungodly Wretch, dost thou not dread my Name
 Who'm come once more against thee to proclaim
 A second War, and to declare also,
 God's still thy Enemy, and bitter Foe.
 His Sword is whet, his Bow he'll also bend,
 To cut down those that do like thee offend.
 Nought he hates more than vile Hypocrisy,
 And from his Presence, *Youth*, thou canst not fly.

Youth.

Conscience, be still, though I a Sinner be,
 There's none doth know it now, save only thee.

Conscience.

Deceived Soul ! doth none know it but I ?
 Where's the great God, is he not also nigh ?
 Dost think, vain *Youth*, the interposing Cloud
 From God's all-searching Eye can be a Shroud
 Or dost thou think God's Seat is so on high,
 That he cannot thy inward thoughts espy ?

No

The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience. 63

None know't but me! know'st thou not *who* I am?
Have I not pow'r for to accuse and damn?
Should I be still, it would be a sad day,
Unless thy Sins were purged clean away.
And whilst I speak, and thou dost stop thine Ear,
Nothing but War and Tumults thou wilt hear.
I'll never side with thee, nor take thy part,
Whilst horrid Guilt remains in thy base Heart.
Nor would I mind thy flattery or frown,
Wert thou the highest Prince of great'st Renown
That ever did on Earth a Scepter sway,
Before thy Face I would thy Evils lay.
At the least Sin besure I can't connive;
And therefore with me 'tis in vain to strive.
For where I am an Enemy indeed,
I'll plague that Heart until I make it bleed.
A close and secret Foe, *Young-man*, am I,
Who am also with thee continually.
Whate'er you think or speak, yea, act or do,
Of it, poor Soul, I very well do know,
Thy secret Lust, and what 'is done i'th' Night,
Which thou ashamed art should come to light.
I then am nigh, and know it very well,
And more than this I am resolv'd to tell;
I unto thee shall prove an Enemy,
When thou art brought into Adversity;
When Death and Sicknes comes then thou shalt
How thou with horror shalt amazed be. (see,
Then my black Bill against thee will be large,
For then against thee I will bring a Charge,
Which will make thy sad Face like Ashes look,
And wound thy Soul, as if a Knife was struck
Into

64 *The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience.*

Into thy very Heart, and make thee mourn,
 And curse the day that ever thou wast born.
 I'll make thee clearly understand i'th' end,
 What'tis, vile Wretch, poor *Conscience* to offend.
 Hark once again, for I have more to say ;
 When this Life's ended there's another day.
 Look now about thee, *Youth*, for there's to come
 The black, the dark, the dreadful day of Doom.
 When thou dost die, I'll bite and sting thy Soul,
 Whilst that in Flames doth burn, and doth *condole*
 Its damned State, for yielding unto Sin,
 Which has alone the ruin of it been.
 And also when i'th' Judgment-day you stand
 Amongst the Goats, at Jesus Christ's Left-hand,
 Thy dreadful State and Trial for to hear,
 Then I against thee straightway must appear ;
 Yea, and shall speak more plain than now I can,
 Because I'm clouded by the Fall of Man ;
 And am by Satan often-times misled,
 And utterly unable rendered,
 A true and right decision for to make ;
 He so beguiles me that I do mistake,
 And a wrong Judgment often-times retain,
 Till *Truth* sets me into thee right again.
 But Satan then shall no more power have,
 The Heart of any Man for to deceive.
 I in that Day shall you provoke and urge,
 For to confess with shame before the Judge,
 Thy evil Lust, and close Hypocrisy,
 Unto thy own Eternal Misery.
 I shall accuse thee so in that great Day,
 Thou shalt not have one word, *Young-man*, to say ;
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The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience. 65
thy inward parts so open'd then shall be,
that nothing shall be hid i'th' least from me ;
and I before the dreadful Judge shall show,
all secret things that ever you did do ;
and in your Face so fiercely also fly,
that you with horror shall be forc'd to cry,
guilty, guilty, O Lord! then you must hear
the dreadful Sentence which no one can bear ;
Go, ye Cursed ; that's a word of Ire,
and you must down into Eternal Fire,
Where Hypocrites and Unbelievers lye,
roiling in pain to all Eternity.
and as the Fire evermore will burn,
and thou from thence shalt nevermore return,
also I shall then afflict thy Soul,
Whilst thou in scalding Sulpher-flames dost roul
like a Worm, or Serpent, then will bite,
and gnaw thy Soul, thou cursed Hypocrite.
those inward stings which always thou wilt find
in cruel gnawings in thy tortur'd Mind,
Will then increase and aggravate thy Woe,
such a sort there is no Tongue can show.
you then will think how you did me abuse,
and my good Counsel utterly refuse.
and how you labour'd to put out my Light,
Who in God's Paths would lead your Feet aright.
your base Delays and Put-offs, you'll repent,
and that your time so foolishly was spent :
that you for Love, which unto Lust you bore,
would lose your Soul, and that for evermore.
to think how near you were unto Salvation,
Will prove another grievous Aggravation :

66 *The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience.*

To bid so fair for Heaven, yet to miss,
 What greater trouble can there be than this?
 To see the Ship i'th' Mouth of Haven lost,
 That doth, ye know, perplex the Merchant most.
 I'll tell you also how you wilfully
 Brought on your self that dreadful misery :
 And how I did oft-times to you declare
 The bitter torments which you then must bear
 And what your *Pride & Lust* would bring you to
 If you did not resolve to let them go.
 Ah ! thou wilt see that thou art quite undone
 And how all hopes for evermore are gone.
 Thoughts of those golden Seasons once you had
 And vainly lost, will then be very sad.
 Thou might'st, had'st thou improv'd the means
 Beheld, with Saints, *God's* reconciled Face, (*Gr*
 And enter'd Paradise, where Angels sing
 Anthems of Joy, to the Eternal King :
 Thou might'st have sung to him *melodious Psalms*
 With those whose hands shall bear Triumph
 Who with Eternal Love shall ravish'd be, (*Pal*
 Reigning with Christ to all Eternity.
 Heav'n is a place, whose Glory doth excel,
 The Thousandth part of it no Tongue can tell
 Man's Heart, *Truth says*, can't in the least conceive
 What those shall have who truly do believe
 Who would lose Christ, & his immortal treasure
 For one base Lust, and moments time of pleasure
 But if what's said of Heav'n will not invite thee
 Then let *hell-torments* with *black vengeance* frigate
 And make thee yield to Truth without delays, (th
 Before God puts a Period to thy Days.

ience. *The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience. 67*

this Eye can neither see, nor Tongue express
oft, the Glory which God's Saints in Heav'n possess,
nt mo there's no Man which can conceive the woe
ry : that Souls shut up in Hell do undergo.
ft be Men could number all the Stars of Heaven,
you t count the dust with which the wind is driven,
ndom tell the drops of Water in the Seas,
ne. count the Sands, then might a Man with ease
ou ha declare the Nature of that dreadful pain,
neans which damned Souls for ever must sustain.
(Gn t Stars, nor Dust, nor Drops, nor Sands can be
g mber'd by any Man, neither can he
g : press the Nature of God's dreadful Ire,
Psal which Souls lie under in Eternal Fire.
mph Hell all's Darknes, not one beam of Light;
(Pala hat's greater Sorrow in Eternal Night ?
cel, Hell all's Death, and yet there is no dying,
an to ight there is heard but a most hideous crying.
once their pains end not, from it there's no exemption,
ieve er cries admit no help, there's no redemption ;
reaf or none to pity them, nor hear their Groans,
easun hilst they do make their lamentable Moans.
e the e Lord, who dy'd, will then rejoyce to see
e frig geance pour'd forth upon those Souls that be
(the tlels of Wrath ; who for rejecting Grace,
st have their Portion in that doleful Place.
ne Wrath it is to satisfy,
d God besure will Justice magnifie.

68 *The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience.*

Didst thou but hear the Groans and hideous Cry
Of Souls condemned to Eternity,
How it would scare, and cause thy Heart to ache
And ev'ry Limb to tremble and to quake !
Think, think on this, before the time does come
That God doth pass on thee thy final Doom

Truth.

What say'st thou now ? how canst thou sleep
Until these inward Gripes of Conscience cease
How canst thou think i'th' least thy State is good
When *Conscience* swells, & makes so great a flood
Or raises storms and tempests in thy Breast,
Because of Sin, he will not let thee rest.
Come, make a search, *Conscience* is not misdeed
The very Truth before you he has spread.
What will you do at Death and Judgment-day
If *Conscience* thus you slight and disobey ?
Make Peace with God ; for worser are his crimes
Than if Ten Thousand Witnesses arise
Against thy Soul ; 'twill be a dreadful thing
To have thy *Conscience* then to bite and sting

YOUTH.

Some comfort, Truth, alas ! my Soul doth melt
Such Gripes as these what Man has ever felt ?
I have some doubt my State is very naught,
And that Conversion is not truly wrought.
My Heart condemns me, and doth me reprove ;
'Tis thou alone which canst my Grief remove.

Truth.

Before you have a Plaister for your sore,
Your Wound must yet be search'd a little more

slightly heal'd only for present ease,
The Remedy's as bad as the Disease. (ceive?
Dost know what time thou didst this wound re-
Tis worser far, I fear, than you believe :
Tis deep, it stinks ; yea, and 'tis venomous,
and doth expose thee to God's dreadful Curse.
The sting or dart sticks in thy Liver sure.
Which doth thy smart and bitter pains procure.
thy State is bad, thou hast thy mortal wound ;
No Limb, or any part of thee is sound ;
If thou couldst live, and never more offend,
Yet by the Law thy Soul is quite condemn'd.
If from all actual Sin you might be clear,
Yet by the Law you still most guilty are
Of former Crimes, Treason and Fellony,
and Justice doth aloud for Vengeance cry ;
Nor will she Pardon or Reprieve give forth,
To any Sinner living on the Earth ;
Against thee too the Sentence is forth gone,
and th' Day of Execution doth draw on ;
Nought is between thee and Eternal Death,
but some short Hours of uncertain Breath.
Sin is so vile, and Justice so severe,
That in the least 'twould not Christ Jesus spare,
but Justice he must fully satisfy,
Who came to be Man's blest Security.
and since in Christ thou hast no share nor part,
see what a Self-condemned Soul thou art.

Mouth.

O cursed Sin ! Is this my sad Condition ?
Truth, I believe, hath made a right Decision.

*I have my Soul deceived all along,
Though in my Heart Convictions oft were strong.
Oh ! horrid Lust, and base deceitful Devil,
Is this the Fruit of your sweet-pleasing Evil
And thou false World, what art thou now to me
For I, alas, am ruined by thee.*

*O whither shall I fly ? what Path untrod,
For to escape th' incensed wrath of God ?
Will none for me some secret place provide,
Where I from flaming Vengeance close may hide*

Truth.

Vain is all this ; for none can find a place
To hide from God, such is thy bitter case ;
If to the ends of all the Earth you fly,
Vengeance will you pursue with Hue-and-Cry
If you should take a sudden hasty flight,,
To seek some Shelter in the shades of Night,
'Twould also fail thee, tho' it should be done
For unto God Darkness and Light is one.
Or if thou couldst some solid Rock espy,
To hide thee from God's dreadful Majesty.
Can Rocks, dost think, prevent, yea, or restrain
The stroke of Justice, and not fly in twain ?
There is no Sea, nor Shade, nor Rock, nor Cave
Which can from Vengeance shelter thee, or save
The Sea would part, the hardned Rock will split
Where Justice aims, her fiery Darts must hit.
Canst thou escape ? alas ! what place is there
To hide from him who's present ev'ry where

Mouth.

*Oh Truth, what shall I do ? how can I stand,
Or bear these tortures of God's heavy Hand ?*

My Spirit may Infirmities sustain,
 But who can bear this inward cutting pain?
 Is there no help, no salve to heal my Wound?
 What! no Physician for me to be found?
 Will Tears nor Prayers no help at all afford,
 Watchings, Fastings, nor hearing of the Word?
 Or if that I could Live, and sin no more;
 O what is sin, and what's my Gangrene sore?
 O what's the Nature of Iniquity,
 If nought my Soul can cleanse or purify?
 Rivers of Oyl, much Gold, or Earthly Wealth,
 Will not redeem my Soul, nor purchase Health.
 Ah! I am lost, the cause is truly so;
 I am undone, and know not what to do:
 Have you no word of Comfort now for me?
 Oh! must I Die in this Extremity?

Truth.

Dost find thy self sick at the very Heart? (smart?
 And doth my Searchings make thy Wounds to
 Doth Sin as Sin upon thy Spirit lye?
 And doth its weight and burden make thee cry?
 Dost know thy Wound is Epidemical,
 And that for thee there is no help at all,
 By Law nor Levite? dost thou see thy loss,
 And thy own Righteousness to be but dross?

Youth.

I know not what to say, I am in doubt,
 Some Sin is hid, which yet I can't find out.
 My Heart is deep, and very traiterous;
 Every Day I find it worse and worse.
 I grieve for Sin, and yet I am in dread,
 That I in Sin am greatly hardened.

Yet this, O Truth, I hope is wrought in me,
 Sin I do hate, as 'tis Iniquity.
 I would not Christ offend, nor grieve again,
 Were there no Hell, or place of future pain :
 O that e'er I against the Lord should sin,
 Who has to me so good and gracious been !
 Against the Lord, against the Lord alone,
 Have I this horrid Evil often done.
 Oh ! I see that I in sin am dead,
 And my Iniquity's gone o'er my Head,
 As a great burden which I cannot bear,
 Oh that I might but of a Saviour hear.
 All my own Righteousness I prize no more,
 Than stinking Refuse of a Common-spoar.

Truth.

Come, Youth, cheer up, if this be so indeed,
 I tell thee then Christ for thy Soul did bleed.
 Glad Tidings now I unto thee do bring,
 There's Mercy for thee in the Heav'nly King.
 Christ, to appease God's wrath did hither come,
 And I am sent by him to call thee home.
 Rise up, rise up, his Blood for to apply,
 And thou shalt soon be healed perfectly.

Youth.

Oh ! could I but believe what thou dost say
 Unto my Soul, 'twould be a joyful Day.
 Alas, on me a mighty Burden lyes,
 I cannot stir, nor power have to rise:
 Can Lazarus, who in the Grave doth lye,
 Death's cruel Fetters and strong Bands untye ?
 Can he awake ? what pow'r has he to strive,
 When dead and stinks ? alas, he can't revive,
 Although

Although but four days dead : how then shall I,
Who have lain dead in mine Iniquity,
Ever since Adam, as it plain appears,
Which is indeed above Five Thousand ears ?
Jehovah which at first my Heart did make,
Must by his pow'r it into pieces take ;
That so he may create Heart anew,
E're Good from Christ doth to my Soul accrue,
'Tis he must give me pow'r to will and do,
And raise me up e're I can creep or go.

Truth.

Though that be true, yet hearken unto me,
And take the Counsel which I'll give to thee ;
And thou shalt find, as sure as God's above,
He will thy Fears, and all thy Doubts remove,
And raise thee up out of the empty Pit,
And on a Rock also still set thy Feet.
First thing of all, which to you I commend,
Besure you don't your Conscience more offend ;
Do not grieve that, but always take great care
In ev'ry thing, to prove your self sincere.
He that in Morals walks not faithfully,
No marvel 'tis if Christ do pass it by.
In every Nation those accepted are,
Who walk uprightly, and the Lord do fear.
Those who do follow on to know the Lord,
He will to them his saving help afford.
I do exhort you in the second place,
For to attend upon all means of Grace.
Do not neglect to hear God's blessed Word,
But prize each season, which the precious Lord

Is

Is pleas'd in Mercy on you to bestow;
 For unto you thereby much good will flow.
 My third Advice make use of speedily,
 Lift up your Voice unto the Lord on high.
 Pour forth your Soul to him both night and day
 And you'll prevail, though he at first say nay.
 Though you at first may with repulses meet,
 Your Soul yet prostrate at *J E H O V A H's* Feet
 He's full of Bowels, long he can't refrain,
 E're he comes forth to ease you of your pain.
 Thy prayers and tears, and spiritual Contrition
 Will move his Heart, to send thee a Physician
 Who will apply a Plaister to thy Wound,
 Which will hereafter ever make thee sound.
 Christ's Blood will heal, 'twill cleanse and purify
 If now the same by Faith you do apply.
 Such Grief is thine, no Med'cine will do good
 Nor heal thy Soul, but thy dear Saviour's Blood
 The good *Samaritan* will cast a look,
 Though thou of Priest and Levite art forsook
 Into thy Wounds he'll put in Oyl and Wine,
 The which will heal that bleeding Soul of thine
 O cry to God, my Sister *Grace* to send,
 'Tis she at last will prove thy special Friend.
 If God is pleas'd but to send her down,
 Thy Head with Glory she will straitway crown
 But here I'll advertise thee first of all,
 Be sure you do for the right Sister call;
 For there are two, and both of one Sir-name,
 The one is lovely Fair, the other *Lame*.
 The one is common, th' other chaste and pure
 And will be true to thee, thou may'st be sure.

The one will dwell where Sin predominates,
The other loaths, and bitterly it hates ;
And make a thorow change *where she doth dwell,*
And will all filth out of that Heart expel ;
Where she doth take up her sure resting-place,
Rare is the Nature of true Saving-Grace.
Thy stubborn Will she'll make for to submit,
And thy Affections change as she thinks fit.
Thy Heart she can new mold, and make it soft,
And will bring down each *high and sinful thought.*
The Old-man she will into pieces tear,
She'll cut and kill, and nothing will she spare,
That's opposite unto the Prince of Light,
She'll put the Devil to a speedy flight ;
She'll make him leave his strongest hold, and run,
And quite forsake his former Garison.
She'll take no pity on the Old-man's Age,
She'll pay him off, for all his Wrath and Rage,
And cursed Malice, Pride, and ev'ry Sin,
Which of long time he has the Author been.
'Tis she can work upon the Covetous,
And change his Heart to keep an open House ;
To give, and to distribute of his Store,
To th' cloathing and refreshing of the Poor.
'Tis she brings down the proud and lofty mind,
Which nat'rally was to that Vice inclin'd.
'Tis she can tame the wild strong-headed Youth,
And make the Liar always tell the Truth.
'Tis she which makes the Froward very Meek,
And the Revengeful not Revenge to seek.
'Tis she which quenches young-men's lustful fire
And makes them to disdain that base desire.

'Tis

'Tis she will make thy Soul for to defy
Each *Dalilah*, and all Hypocrisy.
She's like to Oyl and Wine, and will give peace
And inward Joy, which never more shall cease,
'Tis she must put Christ's blessed Robes on thee.
And bring thy Soul out of Captivity:
'Tis she must thee adorn and beautify,
And make thee lovely in Christ Jesus Eye.
Oh! she'll inflame thy Soul with precious Love
To Christ alone, which none shall e'er remove.
'Tis she which ties that Conjugal blest knot,
What can't be broke, nor ever be forgot.
'Tis she that makes Christ and the Saints but one
And makes them of his very flesh and bone.
'Tis she will help thee in this time of need,
Yea, a Disciple will make thee indeed.
And this to thee I also must declare,
Thou of this *Grace* shalt have a part and share,
Since 'twas for thee thy precious Lord did die,
He can't thy Soul of Saving-Grace deny;
Give him no rest till more he doth give forth,
For to compleat in thee the second Birth.
Be earnest with him, strive to hold him fast,
And thou, like *Jacob*, wilt prevail at last.
Though he at first may seem to stop his Ear,
Yet Importunity will make him hear.
Thy time, I'm sure, it is the time of Love,
And thy deep wounds will make him from above,
To pity thee, and for to cast an Eye,
As thou polluted in thy Blood dost lye;
Whate'er is needful to thee he will give,
And raise thee up to Life, and make thee live.
Yea,

Yea, manifest to thee such Consolation,
As for to cloath thee with his own Salvation.
Come, make a trial, and do not despair,
Look up to Heaven, Soul, thy help is there.

Mouth.

Thy Counsel I resolve to take with speed,
If 'twas for me Christ on the Cross did bleed;
I will send up a Sigh, a bitter Groan,
And earnestly implore his Gracious Throne.

Most holy God, who dwellest in the Light;
Ah! What am I before thee, in thy sight?
Wilt thou attend, or listen to my Cry?
Thou know'st my Grief, and where my Pain doth lye;
Canst thou not ease my deeply wounded Soul,
Who in my Blood am forc'd to lye and roul?
Is there no Balm in Gilead, is there none?
Into dark Silence then, Lord, I'll be gone.
Where are thy Bowels? is thy Mercy fled?
Lord, think upon the Blood Christ Jesus shed.
If thou canst not heal my Soul of all its Grief,
Then let me Perish without all Relief.
Why were thy Sides so pierc'd? Lord Jesus, why
Didst suffer for thy own Iniquity?
There was no Sin, I'm sure, nor Guilt in thee,
That caus'd thy Pains, didst thou not die for me?
Didst thou not Justice fully satisfy,
And pay the debt? Must I in Prison lye,
When Restitution's made i'th' highest degree?
Oh! come, and set my Soul at Liberty.
Knock off these Bolts and Chains, and bring me forth
Out of this Pit, deep Mire, and Bands of Death.

Lord,

*Lord, must I bleed ? Did I not bleed before
 In thy sad Wounds ? can Justice challenge more ?
 O shall my Heart-strings break ? my Soul doth groan :
 I languish, Lord, whilst thou stand'st looking on.
 Lord, dost thou hear the Ravens when they cry ?
 And wilt thou not my present wants supply ?
 Wilt thou the Door of Mercy ne'er unlock ?
 Lord open unto me, now I do knock.
 O Son of David, help ; think on thy Word,
 And unto me some Mercy, Lord, afford.*

Jesus.

What Voice is this ? who is't that makes this cry ?
 What sinful Wretch is in Extremity,
 That thus implores for help, and follows me ?
 That takes no nay, although I silent be.

Wouth.

*Lord, 'tis a poor dejected piece of Earth,
 That is undone, and sighs for a new Birth.*

Jesus.

Was I not only sent to Jacob's Race ?
 How com'st thou then to have so bold a Face
 To importune me, when you know full well
 You are not of the Stock of Israel ?
 Come, are you not the cursed Gentile Seed ?
 Be gone from me, and further don't proceed.

Wouth.

*Ah ! help, dear Lord, and some Compassion show ;
 For to whom else, or whither, can I go.*

Jesus.

Is't meet that I should give to Dogs that Bread
 With which the Children should be nourished ?

Wouth.

Wouth.

True Lord, that I do grant, and ever shall :
Yet may the Dogs eat up those Crumbs that fall
From their own Master's table ; tho' a Whelp,
Lord, look on me, O precious Saviour, help.

Jesus.

What ailest thou, *poor Soul*, what's thy condition,
Which makes thee shed these Tears of sad con-

Wouth.

(trition ?

My Grief, my Pain, and great Extremity,
Lord, thou dost know, and all my wants dost see.

Ah ! I have sinn'd, and am so vile and base,

I hate my self, and loath my present case.

I am a lump of Filth, wholly unclean,

A viler Creature there has never been.

I languish, Lord, my Wounds they are not small;

And I have wounded thee, that's worst of all.

Jesus.

(desire ?

Come, cease thy Grief, what is't thou dost

My Soul doth melt, my Heart is set on fire ?

My Bowels yearn, I longer can't refrain

From Tears, as well as thee I am in pain :

Thy Wounds afflict me, and thy bitter Cry,

Doth pierce my Heart, I know thy Misery.

What is it Soul ? speak forth thy mind to me ;

What dost thou crave, or shall I do for thee ?

Come, ope thy Heart to me, for I am nigh,

Thy suit to grant, thy wants for to supply.

Wouth.

'Tis not for Riches, nor for Pleasures here,
Nor Honours, which by Men so prized are,

Nor

Nor length of Days, Lord, do I seek, or crave,
'Tis something else my Soul doth long to have.
The Earth's a blast, and all the World's a bubble,
There's nothing in't can ease me of my trouble.
Such is my State, nought but thy Hands can save,
'Tis thou must raise dead *Laz'rus* from the grave.
Knock off these Bolts, and set thy Pris'ner free,
And give thy Grace, Lord Jesus, unto me.
My fainting Spirit comfort and refresh,
O spare my Soul, but crucify the Flesh;
Compleat thy Work, Lord Jesus, on my Heart,
And thy own Righteousness to me impart.
There's nought I see will do me any good,
Save the dear Merits of th' precious Blood.
My bleeding Soul will faint away and die,
If thou dost not thy Blood with speed apply.
How has my panting Breast sent many a groan,
With bitter Tears, up to thy Gracious Throne,
For one sweet look and aspect of thine Eye?
There's nothing else that will me satisfy:
Oh: manifest thy Love unto my Soul,
For that will cure me, and soon make me whole.
My gasping Soul's dissolved into Tears,
Whilst pleas'd with Hopes, and yet possést with
My great Request, alas! is only this, (Fears.
Come Seal thy Love to me with a sweet Kiss;
For nought there is on Earth, or Heav'n above,
Which I esteem or value like thy Love.
A Promise grant, some Word to lye upon,
Before my Life and little Hopes are gone.
My Soul's afraid, and trembles, thou dost see,
Because I know how I unworthy be.

Ah ! I have made thee Bleed, I am so vile ;
 Thy Frowns I do deserve, but not one Smile.
 How did I grieve and put thy Soul in Pain ?
 The Thoughts of it doth cut my Heart in twain.
 Thy Messengers, how did my Soul refuse !
 And my poor Conscience wickedly abuse :
 Who did receive Commission from above,
 Either to clear, or sharply to reprove.
 I unto Truth oft-times turn'd a deaf Ear,
 And unto Satan rather did adhere.
 I slighted Thee, and Sin I did Embrace,
 Which makes me Blush to view thy heav'nly Face :
 If thou should'st Pardon such a one as I,
 And save my Soul to all Eternity,
 And we embrace in a contract of Love,
 And all thy Wrath for ever quite remove ;
 It would be Grace and Love beyond degree,
 And such which never can expressed be :
 Oh, wilt thou speak again ! Dear Saviour do,
 A Promise, Lord, or I'll not let thee go.

Jesus.

(lieve

What Faith hast thou, poor Soul, canst thou be-
 And stedfastly my Benefits receive ?
 Dost think that I have Power and an Heart,
 To save, to help, to free thee from the smart ?

Mouth.

My Faith, alas ! Is weak, O send Relief !
 Lord, I believe, O help my unbelief !
 That precious Voice which I did lately hear,
 Will soon remove my Doubts and all my Fear.
 Love, as well as Pity, thou dost show,
 Will give me Joy, and take away my Woe.

But thou may'st, Lord, my Soul Commiserate,
 And yet may it be in a dying State.
 Over Jerusalem thou didst lament,
 Who had no saving Grace for to repent.
 Is there in thee such Bowels of Compassion,
 As to bestow thy self, and thy Salvation
 On such a Worm as I, whose wounded Breast,
 Is heavy-loaded, and would fain have Rest?
 O help, dear Lord, my fainting Soul will dye,
 Without an answer from thee speedily.

Jesus.

Look upon me, and see my Love descending
 'Tis from Eternity, and has no ending.
 Canst thou have more, my Soul, thou hast more
 What-e'er is mine, to thee I will impart. (Hear)
 Thy Scarlet sins are washed quite away,
 Not one of them unto thy charge I'll lay.
 Pull up thy drooping Heart, be of good cheer
 Thy sins, tho' ne'er so great, forgiven are.
 I able am to save, to th' uttermost,
 All those who do put in me all their Trust.
 Those that do come to me, I in no wise
 Will cast them out, therefore lift up thine Eye
 Behold my Hands and Feet, and do not doubt
 For I have wash'd, and cleans'd thy soul thro'-out
 Thy Debts lye paid, and quitted the old score
 Thy former faults I'll ne'er remember more.
 Take up thy Lodging in Eternal Love.
 What's here below? Thy Treasures is above
 Cheer up, poor Heart, I tell thee thou art mine
 My Blood was shed to save that Soul of thine

Withr

With endless Joys thy Soul I'll satisfy,
And in my Bosom ever shalt thou lye.
In my enfolded Arms I now thee take,
And do engage I'll never thee forsake,
In Fire, and in Water I'll be near,
And help thee thro' all Grief and Troubles here.
Yea, I'll be with thee always to the end,
And Death, at last, I'll cause to be thy Friend;
And make its passage also unto thee,
Only an entrance to Felicity.

And with great Glory thou shalt Crowned be,
And on the Throne sit also down with me.
The World, Death, nor the Devil shall remove
My Heart from thee: For those I truly Love,
I Love to th' end: Ah! Soul, 'tis thou shalt lye
In my own Arms to all Eternity.

Fourth.

Darkness is gone, Day-light begins to spring,
Heav'n's Melody I find's the sweetest thing.
The Sun is risen now, it is broke forth,
And Gloriously enlightens my dark Earth.
My Soul is ravish'd with this joyful sight,
Yea, and dissolv'd with Love and true Delight.
My Heart is melted with Cœlestial Fire,
And has obtain'd at length its own desire.
My frozen Soul must needs run down amain,
Which such hot Beams from *Jesus* doth obtain:
The Door is open'd, Christ hath giv'n a knock,
Has made it fly, and has dissolv'd the Rock.
My Heart, which was so hard, is made to yield,
With Christ has o'ercome me now, and won the Field.

The War is ceas'd between the Lord and I,
A Peace is made to all Eternity.
What Joy is this ! Ah, 'tis beyond all measure,
There's nothing like to inward joy and Pleasure ;
As was my Burthen, so I find my Rest,
O that was great ! And this can't be exprest.
Once was I Blind, Senseless, Bewitch'd, nay, Mad,
I thought in Christ no Comfort could be had.
Religion was, I thought, a foolish thing,
Which could no Pleasure nor no Profit bring.
I thought Professors greatly were mislead,
When I beheld what things they suffered :
But I am now Convinc'd of my mistake,
For I my self could, for Christ Jesus sake,
Any Derision or Affliction bear,
Such inward peace in him, and joy is there :
What Man would not all Earthly Glory slight
For one small Dram, or taste of such delight
To have Christ's Love, and in his Bosom lye,
Yields true Content, and sweet Felicity.
Ah, happy I, I Live ! My Soul's involv'd,
In secret Raptures ! sighs to be dissolv'd,
And be with Christ my Home and Resting-place,
For to enjoy, and see him Face to Face.
And in the int'rim, Lord, whilst here I stay,
I faithfully will do what thou dost say.
And help me, Lord, thy praise for to declare
Unto all precious Children far and near.
O help me to lift up my Voice on high !
Let joyful Hallelujahs pierce the Sky.
And Echo back again, resound on Earth,
Since thou hast wrought in me the second Birth.

Let me with the Cælestial Angels sing,
And make thy Praises round the World to ring !
Thou'st brought my Soul out of the lowest Pit,
And in the Path of Sion set my Feet !
O let my Tongue, my Heart and Life make known
The Favour, Lord, which to me thou hast shown !
Let not remainders of the Flesh disturb
My precious Peace that's new : O do thou curb,
Yea, kill and crucify each evil Thought,
With Vengeance let those Rebels down be brought.
And let me on the Earth live all my days,
Unto thy Glory and transcendent Praise.
And then, great God, when these short days are o'er,
With Seraphims I'll sing for evermore.

Truth.

What Melody and Triumph do I hear ?
Whose Voice is this that soundeth in mine Ear ?
What Eagle-ey'd Soul's this, that Soars on high,
That with swift-wings aloft doth mount and fly,
And in Eternal love seems to lye down,
Adorn'd with Grace, and ravish'd with the Crown
Of inward Peace, that taketh up its Rest,
At Jesus Christ's sweet satisfying Breast,
And breaketh forth in Raptures, can't express,
As he would do his humble Thankfulness ?

Youth.

'Tis I, blest Truth, the Conquest now has won,
Grace has prevail'd, I am the Conquer'd one :
My Grief is turn'd to Joy, yea, and my Night,
Is also chang'd into Eternal Light.
Thy pow'r is great when Grace doth work with thee,
Ye, soon do then obtain the Victory.

Blest be the day that ever thou was sent,
To change my Heart, and move me to Repent,
Dear love to thee, O *Truth*, I shall retain,
So long as I upon the Earth remain.
I'll keep thee close, and hide thee in my Heart,
For thou more precious than rich Jewels art.
I'll lose my All before I'll part with thee,
So much I love and prize thy Company.
Though *Satan* stirs up Foes never so cruel,
Devils, nor Men, shall rob me of this Jewel.
I am resolv'd a thousand Deaths to die,
Before I will God's blessed Truth deny.
Though of Deceivers there's a multitude,
Yet none of them shall my poor Soul delude.
Though they do thee *reproach*, *slight*, and *Contemn*,
I by experience can refute all them,
Who say thy words nought but *dead Letters* are,
Which Men may burn, or into pieces tare :
The out-side of the Book they only see,
Who thus do seek reproachfully of thee :
For did they but thy inward Power know,
They'd never speak as oftentimes they do :
But soon they would God's holy word extol,
Above that light which they cry up in all.
The Light which *Conscience* unto me doth give,
I'll always own as long as I do Live,
For had we not God's Word to light our Hearts
The Heathen who do live in Foreign parts,
Who never heard of Christ, might understand
As much as any do in this our Land :
Alas, we should have been unto this day,
In all Respects as ignorant as they.

But

But I'll forbear, because I must with speed
 Attend upon God's Truth with care and heed,
 To hear what he will say, O *Truth*, wilt thou,
 Concerning me, put forth thy Judgment now :
 I do entreat thee prove me thoroughly,
 For still I do retain a Jealousy
 Over my Heart ; because now I have seen
 How I deceived oftentimes have been.

Truth,

Conscience, to thee I once more do descend,
 The Controversy thou alone must end ;
 How is it with him now ? What dost thou say ?
 Hast any thing unto his charge to lay ?
 Remember what I formerly have shown,
 And let thy present *thoughts* with speed be known.

Conscience.

I always ready am Judgment to give,
 According to the Light I do receive,
 And never was more free than now am I
 My thoughts to shew ; your suit I can't deny.
 O Sir, the case is chang'd, I am his Friend,
 His sweet Condition I must needs commend.
Grace has subdu'd Corruption in his Heart,
 That he's made clean, and wash'd in ev'ry part.
 My Testimony you may take for Truth,
 He's now become a very humble Youth ;
 He's truly Godly, Faithful, and Sincere,
 I do for him, and shall my Witness bear :
 All kind of Evil doth his Soul defy,
 He hates, above all things, Hypocrisy :
 Will and Affections now are changed quite,
 That in the Lord alone is his delight.

There's no command of Christ, not any one,
 That he's Convinced of, but he has done;
 He faithfully also the Lord obeys,
 Without excuses, put-offs, or delays,
 He grieveth most for Sins that secret are,
 Which unto Man do not i'th' least appear,
 He's more in substance than he is in show,
 When high'st in Joy, his Heart is very low.
 All his own Righteousness he doth disown,
 And does Rely on Jesus Christ alone.
 Christ is become so precious in his sight,
 He's first with him, i'th' Morn, and last at night.
 He willingly has taken up the Cross,
 And doth account what-ever is but dross,
 And parts with it most freely, Christ to gain,
 Since he hath found *Earth's* best enjoyments vain.
 Christ he exalts as King i'th' highest degree,
 And gives each Office its full dignity.
 Christ has in me set up his blessed Throne,
 And over me no other King he'll own.
 Christ must alone in me the Scepter sway,
 And he will die before he will give way,
 Christ's Right and Sov'reignty in his dear Soul,
 He is resolved to suffer no Controul;
 In things alone which to me appertain,
 For fear thereby Christ's Glory he should stain:

Truth.

Oh! happy *Young-man*! Blessed from above,
 Blessed with Grace, and ravish'd with the Love
 Of thy Eternal Lord, in whose sweet Breast
 Thou now dost lye, and evermore shalt Rest.

Thy

Thy Honour's lasting, now it can't decay,
Thy Treasure's sure, Thieves cannot steal away :
Thy Pleasures are beyond thought or conceit,
And thy rare Beauty is without deceit.
Thy Strength, thy Wisdom, not thy Youth shall
Nor canst thou *die*, thou art *immortal* made. (fade,
Eternal Life is given unto thee,
And thou shalt Reign to all Eternity.

Ulcinus.

There's none on Earth is able to express,
The inward Peace this *Young-man* doth possess.
Whilst, to his Joy, he clearly doth espy,
This blessed Concord, and rare Harmony.
Conscience and *Truth* most sweetly do agree,
He's free from Bondage and Captivity.
Christ's Spirit doth with *Conscience* witness bear,
He's born of God, and is become an Heir
(With his dear Saviour) of Eternal bliss :
What Consolation can there be like this ?
But whilst thus fill'd with Joy and true Delight,
The Devils fall on him with all their might.
With strong assaults, his Faith for to destroy,
Which much abates and mitigates his Joy :
Which in some measure may to you appear,
By what immediately doth follow here.

Devil.

(is mine

Hark, hark, thou cursed Wretch, Vengeance
And I'll repay it on that Soul of thine ;
In dreadful Wrath I will contend with thee,
If thou wilt not again submit to me,
Will not my shining Glory thee invite,
Nor all my Hellish Fiends thy Soul affright,

To

To leave those curf'd ways in which you go ?
 Then I'll some way contrive your overthrow.
 Tho' out of your Dominions I am beat,
 And forced am at present to Retreat ;
 Yet I'll return like to a Lyon strong,
 And break thy Bones in pieces e're't be long.
 Fourth.

Father of Lies, dost think I dread thy frown,
 'Tis past thy skill to throw my Glory down :
 Thy head is broke, thou art a beaten Foe,
 And chained up, alas ! Thou canst not do
 According to thy Wrath and curf'd Spight,
 Christ's Pow'r is mine, who stronger is in might
 Me he'll not leave, tho' tempted am by thee,
 Yet he knows how to help and succour me.
 What matter is't altho' thou art inrag'd,
 When the great Pow'r of Heav'n is ingag'd
 To side with me always, and take my part ?
 Though thou a Lyon and a Serpent art,
 Yet may'st as soon the Lord my God o'ercome,
 As to produce or work my final Doom,
 So long as I do for his Glory stand,
 And am obedient to his best command.

Devil.

But I have so much Craft and Subtilty,
 That I can make the Lord thine Enemy :
 Tho' thou dost think he is become thy Friend,
 I'll, by Temptation, move thee to Offend
 Him e'er't be long ; and soon you will espy
 In's Anger you he'll cast off utterly :
 And then I'll rend and tear thee as I list,
 And you shall have no power to resist.

Fourth.

Mouth.

God has bestow'd on me his precious Grace,
That I abhor the thoughts if giving place
To thee, O *Satan*, tho' thou dost entice;
God will preserve my Soul from deadly Vice:
But if thro' weakness him I should offend,
In Bowels he'll to me his Pardon send.
Christ is my Advocate; God will pass by
All Sins of Weakness and Infirmary,
Although he use the Rod, his precious Love
I'm sure from me he never will remove.

Devil.

Your hopes will fail, alas! *black Clouds will hide,*
Your glorious Sun, your steps will quickly slide:
Your Morning's bright, but soon 'twill over-cast,
And all your joy will scarce a Moment last.
Tho' *Truth* doth now thy present state (com-
Yet you'll find the Proverb true in th' end. mend
That the young Saint will an old Devil be :
You'll die and perish in Apostacy.

Mouth.

'Cause thou hast lost thy former happy state,
With Malice thou'st stir'd up thy bitter hate
Against my Soul, thou shew'st thy wicked spight
But thy vile Teeth are broke, thou canst not bite.
Thou dost on me cast forth an envious Frown,
Because thou hast for ever lost thy Crown.
Because thy Morning's turned into Night,
Dost think thou shalt my Soul amaze and fright
With such ensnaring Thoughts? I thee defy;
Nothing can break that blessed Band and tie,
Or

Or Covenant which Christ with me has made
 My standing's firm, my Crown can never fade.
 He that has in my Soul this work begun,
 Will finish it I'm sure e're he has done.

There's ne'er a Lamb or Sheep of his dear Fold,
 But he will keep, he has of them such hold.

That in the midst of danger they shall stand,
 And none shall pluck them out of his strong hand,
 Tho' Mountains shall depart, and Hills remove
 Yet Christ will never change in his dear Love.

Nor cause his Cov'nant of lasting Peace
 To be remov'd, nor his sweet Mercy cease,
 And *Truth* and *Conscience* joyntly do agree,
 That the new Birth is truly wrought in me.

Th' *Immortal Seed*, I'm sure must needs *bring forth*
 A Babe Immortal, and my Heav'nly Birth
 Doth show to all, and clearly signify,
 I cannot perish in Apostacy.

The Head and Members of one Nature are,
 Or else Christ's Body a strange Monster were.
 As sure as he's in Heav'n, so shall I be,
 And Reign with him to all Eternity.

Devil.

My Words, I see, no place at all can find
 Within the Centre of thy evil Mind :
 I'll leave thee, therefore with my dreadful *Curse*,
 Which is as bad as Hell, nay, it is worse
 Than all the Plagues of the infernal Lake ;
 And let those who love me, Vengeance take
 Upon so vile a Wretch ; and though I do
 Forsake thee now, within a day or two,

I'll

made I'll come again, and will thy Soul torment,
fade. Till thou of thy Repentance shall Repent.

Wouth.

O Lord! I Praise thee for that Glorious Power,
Which helpt my Soul in such a needful Hour,
Of strong Assaults from the vile wicked One;
Thou help'st me to resist him, and he's gone.
Therefore, dear God, be pleased to inflame
My Heart with Grace, to magnify thy Name:
And when he comes again, O then be near,
And let thy Truth also for me appear;
Though I am Young and Weak, I shall thereby
Not fear the Assault of any Enemy.
Come, speak O Truth, wilt thou be on my side?
'Tis in thy Strength I very much confide.
Though I am feeble, thou art rightly strong;
And whilst for me, there's none can do me wrong.

Truth.

I will, dear Soul, support thee whilst on Earth,
And save thee from the rage of Hell and Death.
I will assist thee by a mighty Arm;
And keep thee day and night from hurt and harm;
And with my glitt'ring Sword cut down and slay
All cursed Enemies, who thee gain-say.

Grace.

If Truth should fail, I will thy wants supply,
Thou need'st not doubt of my sufficiency;
Light I will be in Darkness, Joy in Grief,
And when in Trouble great, I'll bring Relief.
If always thou wilt on my Arms rely,
The Devil will with speed be forc't to fly.

Never

Never on me did any Soul depend,
But they obtain'd deliv'rance in the end:
I'll help thy Soul thro' all its Christian strife,
And bring thee safe to everlasting Life.

Conscience.

I'll be the third that will lend thee an hand,
We'll all combine to make a trible Band.
A three-fold Cord can't easily broken be,
I'll be a Friend in thy Adversity.
There's not a Foe on Earth thou need'st to fear,
So long as I for thee my Witness bear.
That thou in Truth dost walk before the Lord,
And that thy way do with his word accord ;
The evil Foe shall be ashamed quite,
Whil'st faithfully thou walk'st up to thy Light,
And Satan can never get any Ground.
Whil'st I declare thy Tears are truly sound.
Chear up, poor Soul, I'll feast thee constantly,
And plead for thee before the Enemy ;
My sweetest Wine also, I'll keep to th' end,
At Death I will thy Soul with that befriend.
God's Word that is thy Ground in ev'ry thing.
His Glory is thy aim, from thence doth spring
All service that thou dost towards the Lord,
His spirit therefore to thee he'll afford ;
That doth bear Witness for thee, so do I,
And will also, when thou dost come to die.

The Young-man's Experiencing Conversion truly wrought in his Soul, and that he is delivered from the Power of the Tempter, breaks forth into these following Hymns of Prayer, and Praises to God.

A Mystical Hymn of Thanksgiving.

MY Soul mounts up with Eagles Wings,
And unto thee, dear God, she sings;
Since thou art on my side,
My Enemies are forc'd to fly,
As loon as they do thee espy;

Thy Name be Glorify'd.

Thou makest Rich by making Poor;
By Poverty add'st to my Store;
Such Grace dost thou provide,
Thou wound'st as well as thou mak'st whole,
And heal'st by wounding of the Soul;

Thy Name be Glorify'd.

Thou mak'st Men blind, by giving sight,
And turn'd their Darknes into Light;
These things can't be deny'd.
Thou cloath'st the Soul, by making bare,
And givest Food when none is there:

Thy Name be glorify'd.

Thou killest, by making alive,
By dying, dost the Soul revive;
Which none can do beside.
Thou do'st raise up, by pulling down,
And by abasing, thou dost Crown;

Thy Name be glorify'd.

By making bitter, thou mak'st sweet,
And mak'st each crooked thing to meet,
I'th' Soul which thou has try'd:
The fruitless Tree thou mak'st to grow;
And the green Tree dost overthrow,

Thy Name be glorify'd.

The Conquered the Conquest gains;
By being beat the Field obtains,

Which

Which makes me therefore cry,
 Lord, while I live upon the Earth,
 Since thou hast wrought the second Birth;
Thy Name be Glorify'd.
 Thou mak'st Men wise, by coming Fools;
 By emptying, thou fill'st their Souls:
 Such Grace dost thou provide.
 By making weary, thou giv'st Rest,
 That which seem'd worst, proves for the best;

Thy Name be Glorify'd.
 Thou art far off, and also near,
 And not confin'd, but ev'ry where,
 And on the Clouds dost ride.
 O! thou art Love, and also Light,
 There's none can go out of thy sight;

Thy Name be Glorify'd.
 Lord, thou art great and also good,
 And sitt'st upon the mighty Flood,
 By whom all Hearts are try'd:
 Tho' thou art Three, and art but One,
 And comprehended art of none;
Thy Name be Glorify'd.

The Excellency of Peace of Conscience.

MY Conscience is become my Friend,
 And chearfully doth speak to me,
 And I will to his Motions bend,
 Altho' that I reproached be:
 I matter not who doth revile,
 Since Conscience in my Face doth smile.
 My Conscience now doth give me Rest;
 My Burden's gone, my Soul is free;
 Again I would not be oppress'd
 In the old Bands of Misery.
 For Kingdoms, not for Crowns of Gold,
 Nor any thing which can be told.
 My Conscience doth with precious Food,
 Feed my poor Soul continually;
 Its Dainties also are so good,
 All sinful Sweets I do desire:

This Banquet's lasting, 'twill supply
My wants, and feast me till I die.
My *Conscience* doth me chearful make,
when I am much possess'd with Grief:
And when I suffer for its sake,
'twill yield me joy, and sweet Relief:
Though troubles rise, and much increase,
I in my *Conscience* shall have peace.
When others to the Mountains fly,
and sore amaz'd, do trembling stand,
A place of shelter there have I,
and *Conscience* will lend me its hand,
To lock me in the Chambers fast,
Till th' Indignation's over-past.
At Death, and in the Judgment-day,
what would Men give for such a Friend!
All those which do him disobey,
They'll it repent, I'm sure, i'th' end.
When such are forc'd to howl and cry,
My Soul shall sing continually.

An Hymn on the Six Principles of Christ's Doctrines

Heb. 6. 1, 2.

Reepentance is wrought in my Soul,
and Faith for to believe;
Whereby on Jesus I do rowl,
and truly him receive
As my dread Lord and Sovereign,
him always to obey,
And in things over me to Reign,
and govern Night and Day.
Christ's Baptism it is very sweet,
with laying on of Hands;
My Soul is brought to Jesus Feet,
in owning his Commands.
Those Ordinances Men oppose,
and count as carnal things,
have clos'd with, and tell't to those,
from them rare comforts spring.

My precious Lord I must obey,
though Men reproach me still;
I'll do whatever Christ doth say,
and yield unto his Will.
On Christ alone I do rely,
though Men judge otherwise;
Because I can't God's Truth deny,
I am reproach'd with Lyes.
Let them deride, yet for Christ's sake,
resolved now am I,
In his own strength the Cross to take,
yea, and for him to die;
Before I'll ever turn my back
on him whom I do love,
For I do know I shall not lack
his presence from above.
For he has promis'd to the end,
to me he will be near;
And be to me a faithful Friend,
which makes me not to fear.
Whatever Men or Devils do
in secret place design,
He soon can them quite overthrow,
and help this Soul of mine.
The Resurrection of the Dead
I constantly maintain,
When all those which lye buried,
shall rise to Life again.
And that the Judgment-day will come,
when Christ upon the Throne
Shall pass a Black Eternal Doom
upon each wicked One.
But all the Saints then joyfully,
with Bowels he'll embrace,
And Crowns to all Eternity,
upon their Heads he'll place:
And in the Kingdom shall they reign,
prepared long before,
And also shall with Christ remain,
in Bliss for evermore.

A Spiritual Hymn.

THE Sun doth now begin to shine,
and breaketh forth yet more and more,
Meer Darknes was that Light of mine,
which I commended heretofore.
I was involved with my Sin,
Had Day without, but Night within.
My former Days I did compare,
unto the sweet and lovely Spring;
I thought that time it was as rare,
as when the chirping Birds do sing:
But I was blind, I now do see,
There was no Spring, nor Light in me.
My Spring it was the Winter-time,
yet, like the midst of cold *December*,
The Sun was gone out of my Clime;
and also I do now remember
My Heart was cold as any Stone;
My Leaves were off, and Sap was gone.
God is a Sun, a Shield also,
the Glory of the World is He;
True Light alone from him doth flow,
and he has now enlightned me:
The Sun doth his sweet Beams display,
Like to the dawning of the Day.
How precious is't to see the Sun,
when in the Morning it doth rise,
And shineth in our Horizon,
to th' clearing of the cloudy Skies!
The misty Fogs by his strong Light,
Are vanish'd quite out of our sight.
Thus doth the Lord in my poor Heart,
by his strong Beams and glorious Rays,
The Light from Darkness clearly part,
and makes in me rare shining Days.
Though Fogs appear, and clouds do rise,
He doth expel them from mine Eyes.
Were there no Glorious Lamp above,
what dark Confusion would be;

If God should quite the Sun remove,
how would the Sea-men do to steer !
My Soul's the World, and Christ's the Sun,
If he shines not, I am undone.
In Winter things hang down their Head,
until Sol's Beams do them revive ;
So I in Sin lay buried,
till Jesus Christ made me alive ;
Alas ! my Heart was Ice and Snow,
Till Sun did shine, and Winds did blow.
Until warm Gales of heavenly Wind
did sweetly blow, and Sun did dart
Its Light in me, I could not find
no heat within my inward part ;
Then blow thou Wind, and shine thou Sun,
To make my Soul a lively one.
In nat'ral Men there is a Light,
which for their Sins doth them reprove ;
And yet are they but in the Night,
and not renewed from above ;
The Moon is given (it is clear)
To guide Men who in Darkness are.
The Sun for brightness doth exceed
the Stars of Heaven, or the Moon ;
Of them there is but little need,
when Sun doth shine towards high Noon.
Just so the Gospel doth excel
The Law God gave to Israel.
All those who do the Gospel slight,
and rather have a Legal Guide ;
The Sun's not risen in their sight,
and therefore 'tis that they deride
Those who commend the Gospel-Sun,
Above the Light in ev'ry one.
Degrees of Light do they perceive
some of them weak, and others strong ;
That which is Saving none receive,
but those who unto Christ belong.
Yet doth each Light serve for the end,
For which to Man God did it send.

Divine Breathings.

An Hymn:

LET not the Sun Eclipsed be,
 nor any dark Cloud interpose
 Between thy self (dear Christ) and me,
 who art that blessed *Sharon's* Rose :
 O let that Face upon me shine,
 Since thou by choice hast made me thine.
 Always let me walk in thy Light,
 till Grace doth me with Glory crown ;
 Turn not my Morning into Night,
 nor ever let my Sun go down :
 O let thy Face upon me shine,
 Since by dear Purchase I am thine.
 Let not thick Fogs, O Lord, arise,
 from the gross Lump of this dark Earth,
 To th' hiding of the glorious Skies,
 the thought of that's as bad as Death ;
 O let thy Face upon me shine,
 Since by Adoption I am thine.
 Lord, let my Morning be more bright,
 and my Sun-shine to th' perfect Day,
 And let mine Eyes have stronger sight,
 that I behold its Glory may.
 O let thy Face before me shine,
 Since God by Gift has made me thine.
 Lord shine, and make my Heart more soft,
 and temper it, the Seal to take ;
 Make it according as it ought,
 Lord do it for thy own Names sake ;
 O let thy Face upon me shine,
 Since by sweet Contract I am thine.
 The Light of thy dear Countenance,
 it is the thing I only prize ;
 Let not therefore my Ignorance
 darken the Light of my dim Eyes.
 O let thy Face upon me shine,
 Since I by Faith am wholly thine.

O be my strength, my light, my guide,
 always until I come to die;
 And from thy Paths ne'er let me slide,
 but light me to Eternity.
 O let thy Face upon me shine,
 For I my self to thee resign.
 There's many Lord, who daily cry,
Oh! who will shew us any Good?
 'Tis in thy self, Lord, it doth lie,
 although by few 'tis understood.
 O let thy Face upon me shine,
 For I by Conquest now am thine.
 Lord in the light I thee enjoy,
 and with thy Saints Communion have,
 No Devil can that Soul destroy,
 whom thou intendeth for to save.
 O let thy Face upon me shine,
 For I can't say, Lord, thou art mine.
 Let not the Sun only appear,
 for to enlighten my dark Heart;
 But to poor Souls both far and near,
 the self-same Glory, Lord, impart,
 O let thy Face upon them shine,
 As it doth now, dear God, on mine.
 Let Light and Glory so break forth,
 and darkness fly, and quite be gone,
 That all thy Saints upon the Earth,
 may in the truth be joyn'd in one.
 O let thy Face so brightly shine,
 As to discover who are thine.
 Let Grace and Knowledge now abound,
 and the bless'd Gospel shine so clear,
 That in Rome's Harlot may confound,
 and Popish darkness quite cashier.
 O let thy Face on *Sion* shine,
 But plague those cursed Foes of thine.
 Let *France*, dark *Spain*, and *Italy*,
 thy Light and Glory, Lord, behold;
 To each adjacent Country,
 do thou the Gospel plain unfold:

O let thy Face upon them shine,
 That all these Nations may be thine.
 Let *Christendom* new Christ'ned be.
 and unto thee O let them turn,
 And be Baptiz'd, O Christ, by thee,
 with th' Spirit of the Holy One :
 O let thy Face upon it shine,
 That *Christendom* may all be thine.
 And carry on thy Glorious Work,
 victoriously in ev'ry Land ;
 Let *Tartars* and the mighty *Turk*
 subject themselves to thy Command :
 O let thy Face upon them shine,
 That those blind People may be thine.
 And let thy brightness also go
 to *Asia* and to *Africa* ;
 Let *Egypt* and *Assyria* too,
 submit unto thy blessed Law :
 O let thy Face upon them shine,
 That those dark Regions may be thine.
 Nay, precious God, let Light extend
 to *China* and *East-India* ;
 To thee let all the People bend
 who live in wild *America*.
 O let thy blessed Gospel shine,
 That the blind Heathens may be thine.
 Send forth thy Light like to the Morn,
 most swiftly, Lord, O let it fly,
 From *Cancer* unto *Capricorn* ;
 that all dark Nations may espy
 Thy Glorious Face on them to shine,
 And they in Christ for to be thine.
 The fullness of the *Gentiles*, Lord,
 bring in with speed, O let them fear
 Thy Name in truth with one accord,
 live they far off, or live they near :
 O let thy Face upon them shine,
 And let us know, Lord, who are thine.
 And let also the Glorious News
 of thy Salvation, yield Relief

Unto the sad distressed *Jews*,
 who hard'ned are in Unbelief ;
 O let thy Face upon them shine,
 For *Abraham's* sake, that Friend of thine.
 O don't forget poor *Israel*,
 but let thy Light, and glorious Rays,
 Cause their rare Beauty to excel,
 beyond what 'twas in former Days ;
 O cause thy Face sweetly to shine,
 That *Jews* and *Gentiles* may be thine.
 O let all Kingdoms now with speed,
 and all the Nations under Heaven,
 From all gross Darkness now be freed,
 and Power to thy Saints be given ;
 That they in Glory, Lord, may shine,
 According to that Word of thine.

AN APPENDIX.

Containing a Dialogue between an Old
Apostate, and a Young Professor.

Apostate.

HOW many straights and crosses have I met,
 Since I my self to seek for *Canaan* set ?
 Red Seas and Wilderesses lie between ;
 Why venture I for what I nee'er have seen ?
 Why can I not where I am now remain,
 Or to my old Delights turn back again ?
 My Head has been perplex'd with Cares and Fears,
 Since to these Preachers I inclin'd mine Ears.
 They were but Fancies that disturb my Mind,
 I sought for something which I could not find.
 Ah would to God in *Egypt* I'd remain'd ;
 For there's no *Canaan* likely to be gain'd.

Conscience

Conscience be silent, don't disturb me more,
Upon such things I will no longer pore :
For back to Egypt I will now retire,
Where I shall have things to my Hearts desire.

Devil.

Pursue thy purpose, thou shalt understand,
Whate'er I have shall be at thy Command ;
My Kingdom's great, this World is wholly mine,
Bow down to me, and all shall then be thine.
Afraid I was I should have lost thee quite,
There's nought like that which here's now in thy sight.
Behold the Bags of Gold which thou shalt have,
Honours on Earth, Riches and Pleasures brave.
When others forc'd in Prison are to lie,
Thou shalt enjoy thy precious Liberty.
When Kings and Princes do upon them frown,
Thou shalt be held in Honour and Renown.
Thou hast much Goods laid up for many Years,
And long shalt live, free from all Cares and Fears.
Thy Seed establish'd too shall be on Earth,
And thou shalt spend thy Days in Joy and Mirth.
Thoughts of Religion utterly disdain ;
Nor think of God, or Jesus Christ again.
Phanatick Fables never more regard ;
The Pains of Hell, of which thou oft hast heard,
Are nought save Fictions of their crafty Head ;
With fear of nothing are they frightened.
That, Mad-men like, they trample under Feet
Those lovely Joys which Wise-Men find most sweet.
Religion's nought but a devised thing,
Which up at first some crafty head did bring,
To awe the Minds of Fools ; who wanting Wit,
Take that for Gold, that's a meer Counterfeit.
The truth o'th' Scripture thou hast cause to doubt,
For divers places thou may'st soon find out,
Which inconsistent to each other be,
Of what it speaks there is no certainty.
Conclude, in truth, there is no God at all ;
Why should'st thou be so foolish as to call

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On him, whom thou didst never see or know,
 Unless it's thus; because that most do so;
 Let Melancholy Fancies now, therefore,
 Ne'er vex thy Mind, nor grieve thee any more.
 Enjoy thy self on Earth, and heap up Gold,
 No Good like that which Purse and Bags do hold.
 Come Eat and Drink, to Morrow thou must die,
 And after that there's no Eternity,
 As some suppose, for thou i'th' Grave shall rot,
 And as the Beast be utterly forgot;
 But since you know it is Reproach to them,
 Who will Religion utterly condemn;
 Thou may'st Religious also seem to be,
 For there is none that's very fit for thee,
 Melodious Sounds, sweet Mirth and Musick rare,
 Do much affect the Heart, and charm the Ear.
 No Worship on the Earth doth suit so well
 With Flesh and Blood, or doth for ease excel;
 Or with Man's Int'rest doth so well agree,
 Like what's maintain'd in famous *Italy*.
 That, that's the Worship which for thee I pick;
 I'm not against thy turning *Catholick*.
 If there's a Heav'n, of this thou need'st not doubt,
 An easier way for thee I can't find out.
 The way's so broad, whole Nations walk therein,
 And Persons of all sorts, no let is Sin.
 Wert thou at *Rome*, thou'd'st hear melodious Sounds,
 Sweet Joy and Mirth on every side abounds;
 Fine Boys and Men ravishing Notes do sing,
 Whilst Organs play in Consort, and Bells ring;
 In that brave way thou'lt have thy liberty,
 To do such things as others do deny.
 Thou may'st be Mad, Garouse and Domineer,
 Strict *Roman Catholicks* such things can bear;
 If thou dost Swear, drink Healths, yea, or should'st Com
 There's few i'th' Church will like thee e'er the worse
 Or if thou should'st some curious Lady's spy,
 Or view some pretty Maid with wanton Eye;
 To court or play thou need'st not fear at all,
 For all such things they Venial Sins do call.

One great help and Remedy thou'lt have,
Which from all Grief and Danger will thee save ;
It fall out by chance at any time,
Thou should'st commit some great and hainous Crime,
There is straight-way the blessed Absolution,
Present help, and yet no Superstition.
For a small Sum of Money soon is had
Pardon for all Sins, though ne'er so bad.
Holiness, for a few Shillings, can
Order and Perjury forgive to Man ;
Who unto thee can grant a Dispensation,
To Kill and Murder any in a Nation,
Who us and th' Holy Church hate and oppose ;
He, trouble not thy self, but straightway close
With this fam'd Church, to whom such Power's given,
To open and shut, with ease, the Gates of Heaven ;
I'd make that Sin to day, that ne'er was Sin,
And that lawful, which lawful ne'er hath been.
He buy thee Beads, and Crucifix also,
As the Church believes, believe thou too.
For this I hope to see o'er a few days,
One Thousands more cleaving to those old Ways.
And thou wilt not such an Advantage gain,
Now thou may'st with ease enough obtain.
And since in Kindness and Affection dear,
I shew'd thee how to be preferred here,
I'd do engage thy faithful Friend to be ;
There's some small thing I'd have thee do for me ;
Take evil of the way thou late wast in ;
Cry them all, and charge them all with Sin ;
Their Faults lay open, let nought at all be hid,
Sland'ring, Reproach, and Slander in my stead :
Now how they differ, that they cann't agree,
There's little Love, and want of Charity.
In Canaan Land raise thou an ill Report,
Turn them back that are a going for't.
The thing at present I would have thee do ;
There is a Friend of mine which thou dost know,
Who hath a Son, which is indeed his Heir,
But to these foolish Notions doth adhere ;

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If he should visit thee, with speed do thou
Treat with the peevish Youth, I'll teach thee how
To controvert the Cause; my place supply,
And do what I could not do formerly.
His forward Zeal will do my Kingdom wrong,
Cause others also in that way to throng.
And you shall also some Derision bear
Through his hot Zeal, if that you ha'n't a care.

Vicinus.

The thoughts which *Satan* darts into his Mind,
He closeth with, and fully is inclin'd
His Counsel for to take, whate'er become
Of his poor Soul at the great Day of Doom.
An Atheist he's become in Heart and Life,
And hath abandon'd all his Christian Strife:
He's ready now, and fit for any Evil,
An Instrument prepared for the Devil.
But since the Gentleman and he are met,
I will give way, and hearken how they treat
About this Youth, that has of late begun,
Resolv'dly to Heaven for to run.
You'll hear how this *Apostate* will engage,
To turn him from his blessed Pilgrimage.

Apostate.

What! my old Friend *E. R. Sir*, I am glad
To see you once again; yet I am sad,
And grieved fore, to see you look so ill;
What Evil, Sir, I pray, has you befall?
What is the cause of this your present Grief?
If I can give, or help you to Relief,
Or comfort you, i'th' least, I willing am,
And shall rejoice for which I hither came.

Gent.

Ah, Sir! my Son, my Heir doth grieve my Mind,
From whom I once more Comfort hop'd to find,
And I'm afraid he'll prove a Plague to me,
Unless he can with speed recover'd be.
He'll be a Preacher I do think e're long.
He's such a Bookish Fool, and so Head-strong,

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I have little hopes he'll e'er be good ;
 e's cause of Griet, if rightly understood !
 is become so vile an *Heretick*,
 at *Rome's* good Church, and the true *Catholic*,
 st vilely, I perceive, he doth disdain,
 doth, forsooth, tell me he's Born again ;
 beseech you, Sir, do what you can,
 you can't change his Mind, there's not a Man,
 ink, in truth, that ever will prevail ;
 arm your self, therefore, and him assail :
 you can turn him from these ways, then I
 ll be engag'd to you until I die.
 u were deceiv'd your self some time ago,
 d therefore now more able are to show
 e Vanity of these devised ways,
 d Bookish Fables of these silly days :
 ving the Scripture in our Mother-tongue,
 s been the Ruin of us all along ;
 e since Men did our Holy Church forsake,
 d up new Notions for Religion take,
 ight but Confusion in the World we see ;
 d otherwise, in truth, 'twill never be,
 til their Books i'th' Fire all do burn,
 d they unto the Ancient Church do turn.

Apostate.

I am, good Sir, of that Opinion too,
 d sorry am to hear what now you do
 ate to me, and will also, in truth,
 what I can to turn that silly Youth ;
 I can shew, and make him understand,
 e Danger that attends on ev'ry hand.
 e hopes of unseen things will him deceive,
 Faith's but a meer Fancy ; I believe
 at's the *Chief Good* which Man doth here enjoy,
 ind, d that's the *Evil* which doth him annoy,
 d, doth deprive him of his Joy and Bliss,
 ne but *Phanaticks* will deny me this ;
 o boast of that they never did possess :
 ey lie, alas, and are (in truth) no less

Than

Than Frantick Fools, for I could never see
 Of what they speak there's any certainty :
 I will therefore endeavour, out of Love,
 Your Son from these Delusions to remove :
 And since I do perceive he's near at hand,
 I'll take my leave,

Your Servant at Command.

The P R O L O G U E.

Attend, kind Friend, Read with a Serious Eye,
 And thou shalt a sharp Conflict soon espy,
 Between a Man quite void of Godly Fear,
 And a dear Youth most Holy and Sincere.
 The one affirms all Godliness is Vain,
 The other counts it for the greatest Gain.
 Mark thou the end of both, and thou shalt see
 What's best to chuse, Grace or Iniquity.

Apostate.

Well met, good Sir, from whence pray did you come

Professor.

I am a Stranger, and am trav'ling home.

Apostate.

Are you a Stranger in this Country ?

Professor.

Yea, as were all our Fathers formerly.

Apostate.

But from whence came ye ? Let's confer together.

Professor.

From Egypt, Sir. *Apostate.* I am trav'ling thither.

Apostate.

What is your Business, Sir, that thus in pain
 You strive against the Wind with might and main
 E're farther you do go, sit down, account,
 See whether that you run for will surmount
 The Labour great, and Loss you will sustain,
 Before the Prize, in Truth, ye do obtain.

That place is it to which you think to go,
 That to advise you I may fully know;
 For good Instruction to you I'll afford,
 Whom I this thing from you have plainly heard.

Professor.

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E.

I am for *Canaan*, that most holy Land,
 I'll travel thither, as God doth command;
 Whose Worth and Value I do know full well;
 For Riches it doth far all things excel:
 And though all things I lose e're I come there,
 I will all my Losses, I am sure, repair:
 The Worth of that, therefore, for which I run,
 Did account before I first begun.

Apostate.

Know you of certain the Place is so rare,
 You may mistake, for you were never there?

Professor.

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Ah Sir, of it I have a glorious sight,
 Which doth my Soul transcently delight;
 Although in Person there I ne'er have been,
 Yet I most plain sweet *Canaan* oft have seen
 Besides, I lately spoke with a dear Friend,
 Who did the other Day from thence descend:
 And unto me its Glory he did show,
 Its precious Worth from him I came to know:
 Some of its Fruits also to me he gave,
 Which makes me long till I Possession have.

Apostate.

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Is't not the Fancy of thy crazy Head?
 I have likewise of such a *Canaan* read;
 It may be so, or so it may not be,
 It ne'er seem'd real truly unto me.
 Who would, for things which so uncertain are,
 Such Losses suffer, and such Labour bear?
 A Bird i'th' Hand's worth two i'th' Bush, ye know,
 His Zeal, poor Lad, will work thy overthrow.

Professor.

You vainly talk, and live by sight and sense,
 Walk by Faith, which is the Evidence

Of things not seen here with an outward Eye,
 What thou seest not I clearly do espy.
 'Tis not the Fancy of a crazy Brain,
 For *Moses*, that its Glory he might gain,
 All *Egypt's* Treasures quickly did forego,
 Was that the way unto his Overthrow?
 No, no, dear Sir, he saw it was the way
 To Peace and Honour, in another Day.
 True Peace of Conscience, that through Grace I have,
 Which passeth all Mens Knowledge to conceive,
 I would not be depriv'd of it again,
 If that I might Ten Thousand Worlds obtain.

Apostate.

Tush, silly Fool, kick Conscience quite away,
 Ne'er mind his Motions, nor what he doth say.
 I stifled him, and that a good while since,
 And took Revenge for his proud Insolence.
 His gasping Groans I no ways did regard,
 But let my Heart against him grow so hard,
 That I do judge I have his Business done:
 He's dead, in truth, and to dark silence gone;
 That now I can, without the least controul,
 Have any Pleasures that delight my Soul.

Professor.

Ah Sir, go on, if that's the choice you make,
 I never will such cursed Counsel take;
 Whoever doth his Conscience so abuse,
 Doth his dear Maker in like manner use.
 And though in you poor Conscience now lies slain,
 I th' Judgment-day he will revive again;
 And then against you his sad Witn'ess bear,
 And in your Face most ghastfully will stare.
 You'll have the worst at last, I grieve to see
 You hardned thus in your Iniquity.

Apostate.

My Sorrow's gone, but thine, alas, will double,
 Concerning me, thy self do thou not trouble:
 The storms and blustering winds are over-past,
 And very safe I am arriv'd at last.

In that same Port where Princes do delight
For to repose and harbour Day and Night ;
Toss'd I have been upon the boisterous Seas,
And, till of late, ne'er could find rest, nor ease ;
But now I'm safely Landed, and with good
Shall satiated be, whilst thou art toss'd i'th' Flood.
Thou shalt, poor Youth, with dreadful Storms be hurl'd,
Whilst I shall find a very quiet World.
I have, Into thy best days are gone, and plung'd thou'lt be,
ve, Into sad Gulphs of woful Misery :
Unless thou dost recant, and stop thy Course,
Thou'lt see things with thee will go worse and worse.
Those Fools who do their nicer Conscience mind,
E're long they shall but little Comfort find.

Youth.

Sir, Storms and Tempests do, I know, attend
Those who resolve poor Conscience to befriend :
Paul's Portion 'twas, who, from his very Youth,
Had kept good Conscience, and obey'd the Truth ;
He met with blustering Winds, was toss'd about,
Yet did bear up for *Canaan* most devout ;
Till he at last the glorious Voyage made,
Getting the Crown which ne'er away shall fade :
All those that sail'd this way, have, all along,
Met with great Opposition, and much Wrong,
From Pirates, Spoilers, and Usurpers, who
Contrived have the Righteous to undo.
This terrifies me not, because that I
Know 'tis the way to true Felicity.
The Gold and precious things the Merchant gains,
Do quit his Cost, and recompence his Pains.
The Riches which he brings at his Return,
Makes him great Dangers often-times to run.
So hopes of Joys, the which Cœlestial are,
Makes me no Labour nor no Cost to spare.
You are for present things, I farther see ;
You are for Earth, but Heaven is for me.
You are for Pleasures, and for Bags of Gold,
I am for that which *Moses* did behold.

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You are for Ease, whatever it doth cost,
 And Honours here, though Soul for it be lost.
 Who makes the wisest choice, let him declare,
 Let Death and Judgment shew who wise Men are.
 My Purpose I'll pursue, whate'er I meet,
 My Portion's great, my Peace no Counterfeit.
 Heaven's my Port, there's such a Place I'm sure,
 Nought shall entice me, nor my Soul allure,
 To loose my hold, I'll keep firm in my Station,
 Though in my way I meet with Tribulation;
 Yet I most safe shall there at last arrive,
 No Men, nor Devils, ever shall deprive
 My Soul of that eternal Dwelling-place,
 Such Confidence I have obtain'd, through Grace.

Apostate.

If I should grant things which so doubtful are;
 That there's a *Canaan*, or a Heaven, where
 Sweet Joys abound beyond what's here below;
 Yet hard it is for any Man to know
 The ready way unto that seeming Place,
 Consider this, Oh, 'tis a weighty Case!
 For there so many ways and Voices be,
 How thou should'st find the right I do not see.
 Thou art a Stranger too, thou said'st, be plain,
 Come, come, Young-man, turn with me back again.

Yench.

Nothing, dear Sir, more certain is, than this,
 That there's a Heaven, or Eternal Bliss.
 The Heathens could, by Nature's Light, espy
 Man's chiefest Good, or best Felicity,
 Must needs excel the high'st Enjoyments here,
 And shall this doubtful unto those appear,
 Who have God's Works most dreadfully made known,
 Yea, and his Word, which very few or none,
 Who live in any Land, the like have had;
 Shall such turn Atheists, this is very sad.
 Is not *Jehovah* every where made known
 By fearful Judgments, which are daily shown?
 And why, think you, I can't the true way find,
 Seeing in Writing Christ has left his Mind

In plain Characters, which, whilst I observe,
 I from the Truth am sure no ways to swerve.
 He came from thence himself the other Day,
 And gave Directions how to find the way :
 This Writing's firm, 'tis signed with his Blood,
 That the old Dragon, with his mighty Flood
 Of Superstition, and persecuting Fire,
 Could not it spoil, nor gain his curs'd desire.
 The Holy Scripture God to us hath given,
 To guide our Souls in the right way to Heaven.
 Though Satan has made Opposition strong,
 Yet still we have it in our Mother-Tongue :
 And by this means most plain I came to know,
 The very Footsteps where the Flock did go.

Apostate.

Though you of Scripture seem to make your boast,
 Your hopes of this will suddenly be lost ;
 For you arn't like the Scriptures long to have,
 Your Soul and others thus for to deceive :
 For Holy Church once more will quite destroy
 This *English* God, which they seem to enjoy.
 Thou art unlearn'd, the Scriptures dost not know,
 But wrestleth them unto thy overthrow.

Youth.

They are unlearn'd, whom God has never taught,
 But have in *Papish* Darknes up been brought.
 They are unlearn'd, who never had the Spirit,
 Who think they can by Works Salvation merit.
 They are unlearn'd, who foolishly deny
 The Spirit's Teachings and Authority,
 For to excel all humane Arts and Science,
 And on Man's Teaching wholly have reliance.
 They are unlearn'd, or very poorly read,
 That teach Christ Jesus is a piece of Bread,
 Which Rats and Mice may eat, and vomit up,
 And do deny the Laverity the Cup.
 For those for whom Christ did his Body brake,
 He of the Cup did bid them all partake.
 They are unlearn'd, who think that Purgatory
 Can be ought else than a meer fained Story.

H :

They

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They are unlearn'd, whose Doctrine doth declare,
 The Church two Heads doth on his Shoulders bear.
 That Woman which hath any Husband more
 Than only one, is a notorious Whore.
 That Man's unlearn'd, who learned never hath
 The A B C of the True Christian Faith.
 That Man, I grant, is wholly yet unlearn'd,
 Who never knew himself, nor yet discern'd
 The curst Nature of his hainous Sin,
 Nor what Estate, by Nature, he is in.
 That Man's unlearn'd, who never went to School
 To learn of Christ, how to become a Fool.
 That Man's unlearn'd, yea, and a very Sot,
 Who hath his Soul and Jesus Christ forgot :
 And doth esteem Earth's empty Vanity
 Above that Good, which Saints in God espy.
 I am unlearn'd, and yet have learned how
 To Crucifie the Flesh, yea, and to bow
 To Jesus Christ, and for his precious sake,
 His Yoke and Burthen willingly to take,
 And follow him, where-ever he doth go,
 And him alone determine for to know ;
 Who for my sake upon the Cross did die,
 Him I have learn'd alone to magnifie ,
 And to exalt him, as he's Priest and King,
 And as my Prophet too, in ev'ry thing ;
 And this, through Grace, I learned have of late,
 To be content, what-ever be my State.
 Some things, I must confess, I ne'er could learn,
 Nor any ways perceive, see, or discern.
 I never read of *Peter's* Tripple Crown,
 Nor that he ever wore a *Popish* Gown :
 I never learn'd that he did *Pope* become,
 Or Rule o'er Kings, like to the Beast at *Rome*.
 I never learn'd that he kept Concubines,
 Or ever Power had to Pardon Sins.
 I never learn'd he granted Dispensations
 To Poyson Kings, or Rulers of those Nations.
 Who were Prophane, or turned *Hereticks*,
 Or did refuse the Faith of *Catholicks*.

I never learn'd he was the Churches Head,
Or did forbid the Clergy for to Wed:
I never read that he had Chests of Gold,
Or that great Benefits by him were sold.
I never read he's call'd *His Holiness*,
Yet had as much as any *Pope*, I guess.
I never learn'd *Peter* did magnifie
Himself above all Gods, or God on high:
Or that upon the Neck of Kings he trod,
Or ever he in Cloth of Gold was clad.
I never read that he made Laws to burn
Such as were *Hereticks*, or would not turn
To Jesus Christ, much less to Murther those
Who did, in Truth, Idolatry oppose.
I never learn'd, nor could unto this Day,
That *Pope* and *Peter* walk'd both in one way;
Yea, or that they in any thing accord,
Save only in denying of the Lord:
In that they also greatly differ do,
Of which I think to give a hint or two.
Peter deny'd him, yet did love him dear;
The *Pope* denies him, and doth hatred bear
To him, and to all those that do him love,
Who bear his Image, and are from above.
Peter deny'd him, and did Weep amain;
The *Pope* denies him with the great'st disdain.
Peter deny'd him, yet for him did die;
The *Pope* in Malice him doth Crucifie.
Peter deny'd him thrice, and then repented;
The *Pope* a thousand times, but ne'er relented.
Peter and *John* no mighty Scholars were,
Yet few for Knowledge might with them compare.
Poor Fisher-Men do find the way to Heaven,
When Scholars go astray, who Arts have seven.
The Learned School-Men put our Lord to Death,
And very few of such Christ called hath.
But poor despised Persons he doth call,
And passeth by the high-flown Cardinal.
For humane Learning, and such kind of Preaching,
Nothing to the Blessed Spirit's Teaching.

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I Learning like, and grant that Men may use it,
Yet would I not have them for to abuse it.

Apostate.

Leave off these Canting Strains, and don't deride
Our Holy Father, for I can't abide
To hear such Prating Fools. Are yo so wise ?
Dare you the Holy Mother-Church despise ?
'Tis that Religion I like best of all,
The Pope I do adore, and Cardinal.
There's Pomp, and Riches, and a Worldly Glory,
What you talk of is an unpleasant Story.
There's Pleasure, Profit, Safety, and much Ease,
Which doth the Flesh as well as Spirit please.
Here's Heav'n and Earth, what canst thou more desire,
Or of thy God, or any Man require ?
Thy way thou'st lost, and Canaan wilt not see,
Therefore with speed turn back again with me.

Professor.

Could I no other Reason give or urge,
To prove Rome's Church untrue, I can't but judge,
This which you speak doth plainly it declare,
For in Christ's Church no such vain Poms appear ;
No worldly Glory doth Christ's Church adorn,
For she's afflicted, much despis'd and torn.
Her Beauty can't with outward Eyes be seen,
Her Beauty and her Glory are within.
When John sets forth the Antichristian State,
Much outward Pomp, 'tis true, he doth relate.
The Whore is deck'd with Gold, brave Stones and Pearl,
Who at poor Zion doth with Envy snarl.
No Liberty to th' Flesh the Lord doth give,
Saints must alone after the Spirit live.
No serving God and Mammon, Sir, 'tis plain,
To Hell you go, except you're Born again.
If you'll be Christ's, with speed then turn you must,
To Crucifie the Flesh, with all its Lust.
No cause have I to fear of going astray,
Whilst I walk daily in the narrow way.
All those who do God's Holy Word contemn,
No Light nor Truth is there at all in them.

Their Feet on the dark Mountains soon will fall,
 And utter Ruin will o'ertake them all.
 I do not fear, nor have I any doubt,
 But I shall find this blessed *Canaan* out.
 To turn to *Egypt* with you back again,
 The Thoughts of it my Soul doth much disdain.
 Dost think I'll leave my *Quails* and *Manna* rare,
 For stinking *Garlick*, and base *Onions* there?

Apostate.

For all your Courage, Sir, I do suppose
 You will repeat that ever you have chose
 To leave the Comforts of a precious World,
 And with sound Zeal thus blindly to be hurl'd.
 You are a Man that might advanced be,
 Unto great Honour, State, and Dignity.
 Your Father's Master of a good Estate,
 And you too are his Heir, I hear of late :
 And if you don't this new Religion leave,
 One *Groat* of him you are not like to have.

Professor.

This World in a just Ballance oft I try,
 And find it lighter far than Vanity.
 Riches, alas ! they are but Bags of Cares,
 And Honour's nought save Soul-bewitching Snares.
 Your outward-Joy will turned be to Sadders,
 Your Pleasure into Pain, your Wisdom Madness.
 You catch at nothing, 'tis at best a Bubble,
 Which long you cannot keep, although you double
 Your Diligence, and think to hold it fast,
 'Twill fly with speed, 'tis but an empty blast.
 What frantick Fit is this ? Will you destroy
 Your higher hopes for such a fancy'd Joy ?
 This World the Strumpet's like of whom I've read,
 Who with sweet Fumes enticeth to her Bed,
 With amorous Glances promises a Bliss,
 And hides Destruction with a feigned Kiss.
 She has her Tricks, and her ensnaring Wiles,
 But lodgeth Death under deceitful Smiles.
 She hugs the Soul she hates, yea, and doth prove
 A very *Judas* where she fains to love :

Take heed, therefore, lest you be catch'd i'th' Snare,
 And buy your late Repentance much too dear.
 These Comforts here which you do precious call,
 Each Wise-Man sees they're vain and flitting all.
 To think I should repent, no cause is there,
 If things by you rightly consider'd were.
 What *Moses* chose of old, the same do I,
 All vain Allurements I do quite despise.
 I knew when first my Journey I did take,
 I must my Father's House learn to forsake.
 In *Abraham's* Steps I am resolv'd to go,
 Whatever I expos'd am unto.
 Whate'er I lose, Christ will make up to me,
 When I of *Canaan* shall possess'd be.
 I seek no Honour here from any one,
 True Honour comes (dear Sir) from God alone.
 To be an Heir unto a great Estate,
 Or Son unto some Earthly Potentate,
 Is nought to what, by Grace, I'm Born unto,
 My Portion great, I know not how to show ;
 I'm Heir unto that mighty King of Heaven,
 To me, e'er long, sweet *Canaan* will be given.
 I do resolve to hold out to the end,
 Although I han't one Groat, nor Earthly Friend
 To favour me : I never will return
 Until this glorious *Canaan* I have won.

Apostate.

What ground have you (my Friend) for to believe,
 If you forsake all things, you shall receive
 This Land you speak of, for your own Possession ?
 Into your Heart 'tis good to put this Question ;
 Or divers do unto great things lay claim,
 Yet some oft-times I see, and sure I am,
 Into such Lands can no good Title show,
 Although they strive for them, as you may do.
 You should Sell whate'er you have for this,
 And yet, at last, should also of it miss,
 You'll see your self, at length, then quite undone.
 Consider of it, and back with me return ;

For no good Title of it can be had;
 'Twas this, alas ! which once did make me sad.
 To save my own, I thought 'twas best for me,
 Unless of this I could assured be.

Professor.

Don't think you shall my Zeal for Heaven cool,
 Nor my dear Soul with Fancies thus be fool.
 Rouse up, my Soul, now in thy own Defence,
 And shew thy clear, thy precious Evidence.
 Can any thing be plainer here on Earth,
 'Twas purchas'd for me by Christ Jesus's Death.
 The Father doth this Kingdom own, and he,
 For his own Child, has late adopted me.
 And if a Child, I also am an Heir,
 And shall with Jesus this like Glory share.

Apostate.

How do you know you be his Child ? in this
 You may mistake, and so may Canaan mis.

Professor.

My late Conversion doth most plainly prove,
 My inward Birth is truly from above.
 The Truth and Conscience both agree in one,
 I am, through Grace, no Bastard, but a Son.
 Those whom God doth by his own Spirit lead,
 They are his Sons, you in the Scripture read.
 Besides all this, since I did first believe;
 In Earnest of this Land I did receive :
 And divers Promises also there be.
 Which bind it firmly over unto me.
 'Tis not my Title unto Heaven good,
 When sign'd and seal'd to me by Christ's Blood ?
 You see by these I have a certain Ground,
 And good Assurance for God's Kingdom found.
 But you, as it appears, do quite despair,
 Without all hopes of ever coming there.

Apostate.

Nay, stay a little, don't affirm that neither,
 Why may not I, as soon as you, get thither ?
 Though in that way, in which I late did walk,
 Was deceiv'd, with many other Folk,

And thought that Heaven was intail'd to those
 Who did the *Pope* and Church of *Rome* oppose :
 Thinking a Man a Separate must be
 From that same Church, or else could never see,
 Find, nor enjoy Eternal Peace and Rest ;
 And therefore I, like others, did protest
 Against that Ancient Mother-Church, whom now
 I am resolv'd to own, yea, and to bow
 Down unto her, with all humble Subjection,
 Thinking 'tis best for Safety and Protection ;
 Resolving never more to vex my Mind
 As I have done, for I shall sooner find,
 In this smooth way, assurance for Salvation,
 Than if I had kept in my former Station.
 Hopes I may have, no certain ground I know
 The Church affirms we can attain unto :
 But Promises most clear are made to those
 Who seek for the Old Way, and with it close.
 And that *Rome's* Church can plead Antiquity,
 No *Protestant* I'm sure can it deny ;
 Yea, and must grant, whatever's their Profession,
 That none but *Rome* can prove their true Succession,
 From those brave Churches which first planted were
 By the Apostles, as their Acts declare.
 And, therefore, Youth, you must no longer boast
 Of Faith and Confidence, for you have lost
 Your Way to Heaven ; and must therefore look
 Upon that Church which long has been forsook.
 From the true Church to rend and schismatize,
 Is a sad thing, though many it despise.
 For though Corruption in the Church there be,
 Yet all should walk in Uniformity.

Professor.

Sir, I deny your Churches Constitution,
 Which makes me loath you ; and for your Pollution,
 Corruption and vile Spots, they are so bad,
 No Church of Christ the like hath ever had :
 Which I resolve fully to make appear,
 Before I'll leave you, if you please to hear,

Apostate

Apostate.

Rome's Church was rightly gather'd, that's most clear,
 Saint Paul himself to this doth Witness bear.
 Faith and Repentance truly did they own,
 And were Baptized in due Form, 'tis known :
 No Church in Constitution right has been,
 If that our Church i'th' least do fail herein.

Professor.

Rome's Church, I grant, was true i'th' Apostles days,
 But yours, from that, doth differ many ways.

Rome's Church was very Famous heretofore,
 But is become the Scarlet-colour'd Whore,
 From the true Faith she hath departed quite,
 And the true Church was forc'd to take her flight
 Into the dark and howling Wilderness,
 Where we lay hid in sore and great Distress,
 From the vile Beast, and Dragon's furious Rage,
 And so remain'd until this latter Age.

If Rome's Church now were like unto the Old,
 Then with the *Romanists* we all would hold ;
 But when she is become Christ's Enemy,
 God out of Babylon doth bid us fly.

If you can prove Rome's Church hath not declin'd
 From that Church-State by Paul himself defin'd,
 Then you will undertake for to do more
 Than any *Papist* ever did before.

The *Jewish* Church God once did own and love,
 But for their Sins he did it quite remove
 Out of their sight, they're broken for their Sin,
 With other Churches that have famous been,
 And yet do keep some outward form and show
 Of Worship, and Church-State, as Rome may do.
 Who has, in Truth, nought left, save a bare Name,
 As hath been clearly prov'd by Men of Fame.

If you should bring your Visibilty,
 To prove your Church is true, I do reply,
 A better Argument I need not bring
 To prove you false, than that same very thing.
 For the true Church b'ing hid, did not appear
 A thousand two hundred and sixty Year.

And

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And then, whereas you in the second place
Mention Antiquity, 'tis a clear ease,
Your Church is under Age, yea, much too young,
Out of th' Apostacy alas she sprung.
A Bastard Church, base born, meer National,
And therefore that's for you no proof at all.
The Fleishly Seed i'th' Church must not be brought,
John Baptist and our *Saviour* both so taught.
Christ's Church is gather'd by Regeneration.
And not as 'twas i'th' former Dispensation.
You in a lineal way do go about
To take in those whom Jesus hath shut out.
The Axe is now laid to the Root o'th' Tree,
And every one true Penitent must be :
And must obtain of God true saving Grace,
Who in his Holy Church would have a Place.
Your Church is not so gather'd, therefore I
Deny your Church, and its Antiquity :
The Church which is upheld by th' carnal Sword,
And not by th' Power of God's Holy Word,
Is very false. And that *Rome's* Church is so,
Not a few worthy Authors plainly show.
And whereas she much boasts of *Holiness*,
No People doubtless in the World have less ;
For *Rome*, like to a stinking Common-shore,
Receives what ev'ry one casts forth o'th' Door :
She's like a Cage of ev'ry hateful Bird,
As is Recorded in God's Sacred Word.
The Counsel which an ancient Author gave,
Let ev'ry Soul with special care receive ;
He that would Holy live, from Rome be packing,
There's all things else, but Godliness is lacking.
She also doth Doctrines of Devils hold,
According as th' Apostles have foretold,
In charging People to abstain from Meat,
Which God alloweth us freely to eat :
And in denying Persons for to Wed,
Though God admits the undefiled Bed :
By means of these most cursed Prohibitions,
Your Clergy stinks alive with gross Pollutions :

And many of your filthy Popes of Rome
Have Sodomites and Buggerers become ;
Whoredom and Incense they have ming'd so small,
As scarce to count them any Sin at all :
Most cursed Stews allowed are by them,
Whom none i'th' Popedom dare i'th' least condemn :
Vile Necromancers many of them were,
Haters of God, no Sin (in Truth) is there,
But some o'th' Popes of it have guilty been,
As may upon Record be clearly seen.
Is this your Holy Head, and Rev'rend Father,
Next unto Christ Supream ? Is he not, rather,
A Devil incarnate ; the worst of Mankind ?
Who can in Hell a viler Sinner find ?
Is Rome Christ's Church, Christ's Spouse, his only Love,
His undefiled One, and spotless Dove ?
Sir, don't mistake, she is that Scarlet Whore,
Whom John characterized heretofore,
Which I shall full evince, and make appear,
If you with Patience will but lend an Ear.

Apostate.

I find you in Reproaches free enough,
But shall expect you so too in your Proof.
Those common Epithites of Beast and Whore,
Are daily flung at every body's Door :
But for to warrant your severer Doom,
Prove that they properly belong to Rome.

Professor.

That Truth God's Sacred Word doth well explain,
That City which o'er Kings of th' Earth did reign,
Was that same Whore, the Spirit clear doth show ;
And that Rome was that City, all Men know ;
Who then above all others bore the Sway ?
'Twas Rome, the Nations fear'd, and did obey :
And still you Papists to her Bishops give
Headship o'er all who on the Earth do live :
Before him Kings and Emp'ors must submit,
That so he may the mighty Monarch sit :
Whilst absolute Pow'r he claims, and Sov'reignty,
Above all Princes, by his Tyranny:

From

From whence all Persons may conclude it true,
By their first Mark, the Title is his due.

The Second Character of *Babylon*

Is *Pomp* and *State*, wherein is proudly shown,
That *Rome* has been a rich gay costly *Whore*,
England once found, I wish she may no more.
Infinite Sums almost she squeez'd from hence,
For *Pardons*, *Obijts*, *Annates*, *Peter-Pence*.

And through each Land, where she her Triumphs led
Whole swarms of Locusts, Priests and Friars were spread
These (as the *Janizaries* to the *Turk*)

Were faithful Slaves still to promote her Work.
Whilst, to maintain those Drones, she swept away
The Fat and Wealth of Nations for their Prey.

In the third place, she doth Mens Souls enslave,
This Mark, in *Rome*, most evident we have,
With dangerous *Vows*, unwarranted *Traditions*,
Implicit Faith, and thousand *Superstitions*,
Pretended *Miracles*, apparent *Lies*,
Damnable *Errors*, and fond *Fopperies*.

She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well,
Boasts all her Dictates are *Infalible* :

And then (to fill her Measure) i'th' last place,
'Tis said, she would God's precious *Zion* race.

This can of none but *Rome* be understood,
That Drunken *Whore*, who reels in *Martyrs* Blood,
As I more largely now shall make appear,
And then with Patience your Excuses hear.

Within the compass of six thousand Years,
Has been presented to the Eyes and Ears
Of future Ages, the most sad Contents
Of bloody Tragedies, the dire Events
Of dreadful Wars, in sev'ral Generations,
The Overthrow of many fruitful Nations :
But all comes short of *Rome's* most bloody Bill,
Which doth the Earth with sanguine Volumes fill.

Jerusalem, that City of Renown,
Sack'd by *Vespasian*, Burnt, and broken down ;
A was, indeed, a dreadful Desolation,
Itnd to have Conquerors dealt with many a Nation.

All Conquerors ever found a time to cease,
When once they conquer'd, then they were at Peace.
They Murder'd not, but such as would not yield
To own them for their Lord; and in the Field,
They slew them too, with Weapons in their Hand,
For their Defence, and always ready stand,
To give Quarter to those that it demand :
But this vile Strumpets Blood-bedabbled Hands,
Finds not a Period, never Countermands :
Her cruel Rage, her Murthers know no end,
She Slaughters, when she Pity doth pretend.
Years terminate not her Blood-thirsty Acts,
She Slays without examining their Facts.
In times of Peace her treach'rous Hands have shed
Blood without measure; she hath Murdered,
By cursed Massacres, her Neighbours, when
They thought themselves the most secure of Men.
One might fill Volumes with her Bloody Story,
In which she still persists: Makes it her glory
T'invent strange Torments to deprive the Breath
Of *Christians*, by a tedious ling'ring Death.
The Brutish *Nero*, first of Tyrant-Kings,
From whose base Root nine other Tyrants springs,
Whose most Inhumane Acts, not to their Glory,
Did leave the World a lamentable Story :
And to their lasting and eternal Shame,
Did purchase to themselves that hateful Name
Of *Bloody Monsters*, in the Shape of Men,
Whose cruel Acts, deserve an Iron-Pen,
That might perpetuate to after times
These Heathens Cruelty; Record the Crimes
For which those Christians willingly laid down
Their Earthly Houses, for a Heav'nly Crown,
Reflect a while, Sir, and but cast your Eye,
First on those Heathen Emp'rors Cruelty;
Then view the bloody Papists, and compare
Their Cruelties together, and as far
As *Egypt's* Darknefs did exceed our Light,
Or Mid-night differs from the Morning-Light,

So far the Papiſts Cruelty does exceed
 The worſt of Heathen Tyrants, and indeed
 The worſt of Tyrants, ſince the World began,
 Or ſince Diſſention fell 'twixt Man and Man.
 If *Cyprian* and *Eusebius's* words be true,
 Theſe perſecuting Emp'rors Yearly ſlew
 Millions of Souls, ſhedding their guiltleſs Blood,
 Which ran like Waters from a mighty Flood.
 So void their Hearts were of all humane Pity,
 They ſpar'd no Age, nor Sex, nor Town, nor City.
 The things wherein theſe Chriſtians did offend,
 Were only this, they did reſuſe to bend
 Their Heav'n devoted Knees, or fall before
 Thoſe Idol-gods, theſe Emp'rors did adore.
 They did believe one God created all,
 They did believe in Chriſt, and down did fall
 Proſtrate upon the Earth, and daily bring
 Sacrifice only to that Heav'nly King.
 Their Emp'rors gods theſe Chriſtians did deride,
 This was the cauſe ſo many Millions dy'd.
 Theſe Emperors, thinking themſelves engag'd
 Their Idol to revenge, grew more inrag'd,
 To ſee the Chriſtians boldly to deſpiſe
 Their gods, and honour Chriſt before their Eyes.
 They did conclude, the nature of th' Offence,
 Deſerv'd no leſs than Death for Recompence.
 Thus may we plainly ſee, a Reaſon why
 Theſe Heathen Emp'rors us'd ſuch Cruelty.
 'Twas not becauſe they worſhip'd not aright,
 But worſhip'd not at all, nay, did deſpite
 Unto thoſe Idols, which they gods did call,
 Affirming that they were no gods at all.
 An act not to be borne by Fleſh and Blood,
 To have the Edicts of their gods withſtood :
 Yet in the miſt of all thoſe Tyrants Rage,
 Serious Advice a little would aſſwage
 Their Hellish Fury, and for ſome time ceaſe,
 And give the Chriſtians a breathing ſpace ?
 And when as theſe Ten Emp'rors ceaſ'd to be,
 Then terminated all their Cruelty.

Three Hundred Years accomplish'd their fierce Wrath,
And then the Heathens own'd the Christian Faith.
And now their Emp'rors do as much adore
The God of Heav'n and Earth, as they before
Had done their Idols, and zealous for the Church,
Give great Donations, make their Bishops Rich.
And now, proud *Rome*, since *Constantine* the Great,
Thou by degrees hast taken up thy Seat;
Rust up with Riches, swoln with filthy Pride,
From God's pure Laws has quickly turn'd aside:
As God doth hate, and utterly refuse;
And now such Bishops only dost thou chuse
Proud, Sensual, and void o'th' Holy Spirit,
Such as the Lord hath said shall not inherit
Eternal Glory; such thy Bishops be,
Who should be fill'd with Truth and Purity,
Shining like Lights before the Flock, that they
The better might discern the perfect way:
But now instead of such as these, behold,
They are Presumpt'ous, Proud, Imperious, Bold,
Changing the *Worship* that the Lord makes known,
And in its stead will introduce their own:
Yea, so presumpt'ous are they in their Pride,
As to affirm God's Holy Word's no Guide
For Men to walk by; the only Rule that they
Do counsel Men, nay, force them to obey,
Their Traditions, which they affirm to be
Far more Authentick than our Lord's Decree:
Within his Holy Word he us hath given,
For a sure Light to guide our Steps to Heaven.
And now these Christians whose most tender Heart
Dares not believe them, fearing to depart
From God's Directions, which in his bless'd Word
He hath so plainly left upon Record.
These are the Men this Wicked Strumpet hath
So often made the Objects of her Wrath;
Making the Earth to drink the guiltless Blood
Of such as for God's Holy Word have stood.
Oh! let the Blood-drunk Earth ne'er cease to cry
Into the Heav'n enthroned Majesty,

Till God takes Vengeance, as he did on *Cain*,
 For all the righteous *Abels* she hath slain ;
 Not for denying, but honouring the Lord,
 Yea, for believing that his Sacred Word
 Is the most perfect and the truest Guide,
 The Rule by which all Doctrines should be try'd.
 Our blessed Lord bids search them ; for, saith he,
 They are the Words that testify of Me.
 Lo here's the Cause, behold the Reason why
 The *Where* has acted so much Cruelty:
 Inhumane Murthers doth this *Where* invent,
 Whereby she daily slays the Innocent.
 The Numbers she hath Murder'd do surmount
 The strictest of Arithmeticks Account.
 What Country hath not tasted of the Cup,
 That her most bloody Hands have filled up ?
 How hath she stirr'd up Nations, to engage
 Against each other, to satisfy her Rage ?
 Where Millions have been brought unto the Dust,
 Only to satisfy this Strumpet's Lust ;
 That she the better might ingross the power
 Of Hell into her Hands, and so devour,
 At her Blood-thirsty Pleasure, such as she
 Could not persuade to love Idolatry.
 Perfidious *France*, whose most inhumane Wrath
 Passing the Limits of a Christian Faith ;
 Within the space of eight and twenty days,
 Thy bloody Hands most treacherously betrays
 Ten Thousand Souls, and to that bloody Score
 Adds quickly after Twenty Thousand more.
 How many Murthers more that Popish Nation
 Have done, the *Romish* Hist'ries make Relation ;
 And yet from Cruelty *Rome* has not ceas'd,
 But as her Years, her Murthers have increas'd,
 And swoln to bigger Numbers in less space,
 As *Bellarmine* affirmeth to her Face ;
 Who thus attests, that from the Morning-Light,
 Until the sable Curtains of the Night
 Were closely drawn, her Bloody Hands did slay
 An Hundred Thousand Souls ; Oh ! let that Day

In Characters of Blood recorded be,
 That may remain unto Eternity.
 O let the Earth, that drinketh in the Rain,
 That did receive the Blood of all the Slain;
 Let both the Heavens and the Earth implore,
 The God of Heaven to confound the *Whore*.
 O poor *Bohemia*, thou hast had a taste,
 When wicked *Julian* laid thy Country waste;
 Burning thy Towns and Villages with Fire,
 Sparing not Young, nor Old, nor Son, nor Sire.
 What Multitudes unnumbered were thy Slain,
 Which in the Field unburied did remain!
 Thou found'st the wolvish Popes in ev'ry Age
 Contrive thy Ruin; many times engage
 Thy Neighbour Nations to shed forth thy Blood,
 Only because faithful *Bohemia* stood
 For God's pure Worship. *Martin* the sixth excites
Emperors, Kings, Dukes, Barons, Earls, and Knights,
 With one consent to fall upon that Nation,
 On no less Terms than on their own Salvation;
 Promising also upon that Condition,
 To give a full and absolute Remission
 Unto the vilest Sinner that e'er stood
 Upon the Earth, that would but shed the Blood
 Though but of one *Bohemian*; O Rage!
 Not to be parallell'd in any Age;
 Except that Monster, who did sore rebuke
 The over-charitable Popish Duke
 Of *De Alva*; and would you know his Crime,
 It was because that he in Six Years time,
 Through too much Lenity, caus'd not the Earth
 To drink more Christians Blood than issued forth
 From Eighteen Thousand Souls; for this the Duke
 Was thought, by Papists, worthy of Rebuke.
 Is Eighteen Thousand in Six Years so few,
 In the account of you blood-thirsty Crew,
 Inhumanely to Murder? yea, indeed,
 Because their former Numbers did exceed:
 But if the Duke of *Alva's* bloody Bill
 Came short in Numbers, yet his Hand did fill

It up with Torments, so dreadful to rehearse,
 As that the very Thought thereof would pierce
 A Marble Heart, make Infidels relent ;
 Torments that none but Devils could invent :
 But if all this was over-little still,
 His Predecessors added to the Bill ;
 For from the time that hellish Inquisition
 Did from the Dévil first receive Commission,
 As well approved History doth relate,
 Till Thirty Years expired had their Date,
 By cruel Torments, which they still retain,
 There was One Hundred Fifty Thousand Slain :
 And yet before they took away their Breath,
 They for some time did make each Day a Death ;
 Depriving them, as far as in them lay,
 Of all the Joys that either Night or Day
 Affords Mankind ; for them there was not found
 So much Sun-light as to behold the Ground
 On which they stood ; each Day that giveth Light
 Was unto them like Egypt's darkest Night.
 In hellish Darknes thus they made them spend
 Their weary Hours, and kindly in the end
 Destroyed them ; the Company they had
 Within those darksome Caverns, was their sad
 And melancholly Thoughts, their Sighs and Groans,
 Their doleful Lodgings were upon the Stones.
 If noisome Creatures bred and fostred there,
 Those noisome Creatures their Companions were.
 What Food they Eat, was only to secure
 Their Souls alive, that so they might endure
 The sev'ral Torments that they did provide,
 And so One Hundred Fifty Thousand Dy'd,
 Besides what Dy'd by Persecuting Hands,
 Within the Pope's Confines, in sev'ral Lands.
 Thus may I sooner spend my Strength and Tears,
 And tire (if you regard) your Eyes and Ears,
 Than give a full and absolute Relation
 Of all the Acts of Rome's Abomination.
 Oh ! may my Native Country rather hear
 Their bloody Acts, than in the least part bear

Her Burthen, or behold her murdering Hand
Once more spread through the Confines of our Land.
But I perceive these Truths are duly heard,
And that you little my Discourse regard.

Apostate.

Yes, yes, I hear and smile, what Tragedies
You make of lawful just Severities.

The Martyrs you applaud were Rebels too,
And still against Authority would go,
If then they suffer'd, pray, who is to blame?

Professor.

That I have shewn already, to their shame.
And I would have my Country-men to take
Another taste, that may preserve awake
Their drowsie Souls, who take a dying nap,
Much like deluded *Sampson* on the Lap
Of lustful *Dalilah*, whose treach'rous Breath
Sends forth the Messenger of *Sampson's* Death:
Let not the Strumpet's sugar'd Words persuade
Thee to give Credit t'her, that's been her Trade,
To promise fairest, when she doth intend
Most false to deal; she doth betray her Friend,
Like wicked *Cain*, first of that sinful Race,
That slew his Brother, smiling in his Face.
From the first time that e'er the hellish Rage
Of Jesuits appeared on the Stage,
To act their parts in *England*, *France* and *Spain*,
And *Italy*, her bloody Hands hath slain
Nine Hundred Thousand Souls, or thereabout,
E're many Years have run their Hours out.
Of the *Americans*, by *Popish Spain*,
In Fifty Years was Fifteen Millions slain.
The poor Religious *Waldenses*, whose Eye,
Like the quick-sighted *Vulture*, doth espy
Rome's filthy Whoredoms, readily disclaim
Her vile Idolatry, and hate the same;
Drunk dreadful Draughts of *Rome's* most bloody Cup,
Which she with hell-bred Fury poured up.
And for no other Cause, her bloody hands
She stretch'd abroad with hell-inraged Bands,

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B'ing sent abroad, forthwith to put to Death
 Both Young and Old, each Man that draweth Breath;
 And yet, as if she had not been content
 To Murther Parents, with their innocent
 And harmless Babes, as if their hellish Breath
 Had now been spent with putting Souls to Death.
 Fourscore sweet Babes that never did offend,
 Famish'd to Death, their harmless Lives did end.
 Search, search into the deep Abbyss of Hell,
 And see if all the Devils can parallell
 So vile an Act: O most imperious Treason
 Against the King of kings, and Law of Reason!
 Are Papiests Christians, and are these their Acts,
 To punish such as ne'er committed Facts?
 Are those right Actings fitting Gospel-times,
 To lay on Babes the weight of highest Crimes;
 Did Christ do thus, or hath he ever given
 Them leave to deal so with the Heirs of Heaven?
 Those murther'd Souls under the Altar lye,
 Crying, *How long, Eternal Majesty,*
How long will't be, e're thou avenge thy Saints,
And lend thine Ear unto their sad Complaints?
 These Waldenses b'ing evercome and dead,
 A little Remnant that escap'd fled,
 Taught by Dame Nature's Moral Laws, to save
 Their much desired Lives, within a Cave
 Did hide themselves, hoping, at last, that they,
 Taking advantage of another Day,
 When Golden *Titan* had laid down his Head
 Upon the Pillows of the Western Bed,
 And *Proserpina*, Lady of the Night,
 Had drawn their sable Curtains, then they might
 Transport themselves into some other Land,
 And so escape out of the Hunter's hand:
 But as the *Hounds* that hunt the wearied *Hart*
 Do ply their Steps, and never will depart
 The Fields and Meadows, or the silent Wood,
 Till they surprize the Beast: ev'n so these Blood-
 Devouring Monsters, having found the Cave,
 Most barb'rously did make that place their Grave,
 Wherewith

Wherein Four Hundred yielding up their Breath,
 Were, in a barb'rous manner choak'd to Death.
 No Nation in the World hath ever seen
 A Foe so dreadful as the *Where* hath been.
 It is far better to be overcome
 By *Turk* or *Heathen*, than by Christian *Rome*.
 What part of *Europe* now can make their boast,
 And say they have not tasted, to their cost,
 Of *Romish* Mercy? some are yet alive,
 Whose Parents felt the Death she did contrive.
 O *Germany*! thy poor distress'd Estate
 Will speak to future Ages, and relate
 Whole Volumes of her bloody Murthers, and
 The murder'd Souls of bleeding *Ireland*
 Cry Night and Day for Vengeance, and implore
 God's Heav'n-enthroned Majesty e'ermore,
 To put a period to her Hellish Power,
 That we may over-take her in an Hour.
 Those dreadful Murthers have the Eyes and Ears
 Of some now living heard and seen the *Tears*
 Of Soul-afflicted Parents, whose sad Eyes
 Beheld their murder'd Babes, and heard their Cries;
 Their Daughters ravish'd, and when that was done
 Cruelly Murder'd; and the hopeful Son,
 By unheard Torments, slain before their Eyes,
 Whilst they beheld their Childrens Miseries:
 Their Children murder'd, and their Wives desil'd,
 Whose Bodies they ript up b'ing great with Child:
 And all this while Parents and Husbands were
 Forc'd to behold what Flesh and Blood can't bear
 The bare Relation: What *Adamant* Heart
 Wont melt, when I these dreadful things impart?
 Ripping up Child-great Women was not all,
 For that, although inhumane, was but small,
 Compar'd with other Torments they endur'd,
 Whose Patience bore what could not else be cur'd.
 Taring out Bowels, boyling Men alive;
 These Deaths and worse, these Monsters did contrive.
 We see how they have dealt with ev'ry Nation;
 And shall we think at last to find Compassion?

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The piteous cries of Parents ne'er could move
 Them to extend the smallest Dram of Love.
 The *Tears* that ran from dying Infants Eyes,
 Like plenteous Showers from the weeping Skies,
 Whose great abundance might have made a River,
 Yet all these Floods of brinish *Tears* could never
 Enter a Papist's Heart, so hard condens'd,
 So void of Pity, and all humane Sense :
 To hear the doleful Shrieks and dying Groans,
 Of poor distressed Babes, who make their Moans
 To Soul-afflicted Parents e're they part,
 These are the things delight a Papist's Heart ;
 To see the dying Gasps before the Death
 Of tortur'd Souls, whose Life forsaken Breath
 Had waited, many a tedious Hour past,
 When their tormented Souls should breath their last :
 Whose dolorous Sighings penetrate the Skies ;
 Those Objects do delight a Papist's Eyes.
 And can we now, at last, expect to find,
 That Rome's grown merciful, and Papists kind ?
 No, no, we cannot do't, if we but fix
 Our serious *Thoughts* upon late Sixty Six ;
 When *London* was consum'd, that famous City,
 Its Ruins do bespeak them void of Pity.
 By Rome's Contrivance was fair *London* burn'd,
England's Metropolis to Ashes turn'd.
 The Merchants of their Riches quite bereft,
 To Day rich Men, to Morrow nothing left ;
 Their Wives and Children harbourless became,
 Their Substance all consumed in the Flame.
 To Day this famous City's deck'd in Gold,
 To Morrow an Amazement to behold.
 The doleful Shrieks, and lamentable Cries,
 The Floods of *Tears* that ran from weeping Eyes,
 As true Resemblances did represent
 The Sorrows that our Neighbours underwent.
 And can we think that Hell-begotten Rage,
 That did provoke so many to engage
 In such an Act, far worse than th' *Powder-Treason* ;
 Can we suppose, if we consult with Reason,

The Fury of their Hellish Rage expir'd,
 So soon as e'er that Famous Place was fir'd?
 No, no, good Sir, your Pardon I presume,
 Those Hell-ingendred Flames that did consume
 So fair a City in so short a space,
 Hell gave those Flames Commission down to raze,
 Not *London* only, but ev'ry Soul that hath
 A Heart resolved to maintain the Faith
 Of JESUS, Protestants both great and small,
Rome hath determin'd their eternal Fall.
 And those more formal Protestants, whose Zeal
 May secretly persuade them to conceal
 Their seeming Faith, and feignedly to close
 With *Rome's* erroneous Doctrine, and suppose
 Thereby to save their Lives; let none believe
 Such vain Persuasions, many did deceive
 Themselves; for *Rome*, that painted Scarlet Whore,
 Will deal with them, as she hath done before,
 With such as hoped in the self-same kind,
 To meet with Mercy, but nought less did find.
 Christ never gave unto his Church Commission
 For to make Laws for grievous Persecution;
 No outward Force were they i'th' least to use,
 Much less poor Innocents for to abuse,
 By burning, starving, roasting on a Spit,
 And tauntingly to make a Sport of it.
 The Holy Saints, and People of the Lord,
 Their only Weapons was, God's Sacred Word.
 With that bless'd Sword they always overcome,
 And did refute all Hereticks: but *Rome*
 Makes use 'tis plain) o'th' carnal Sword and Fire,
 'Tis Blood, 'tis Blood this Locust doth desire.
 Death without Mercy, Acts of Cruelty,
 The Matter must decide continually:
 The way they use to turn a Soul from Error,
 Is the most dreadful Flesh-amazing Terror
 Of horrid Racks, whereon a Man must lie
 Tortur'd to Death, dying, yet cannot die.
 Strange kinds of Instruments devis'd, to tare
 The Flesh from off the Bones; these sometimes were

Her friendly Admonitions, to reclaim
 Such whom she doth for Hereticks defame.
 What Massacres hath she contriv'd by Night,
 When Nature doth to Rest each Man invite !
 When Sleep has clos'd their Eyes, no thoughts of harm
 Did them possess, but in their folded Arms
 Their Wives and Children lay, with hopes that they
 Through Grace, might live to see another Day.
 Then came these murd'ring Butchers sent from Hell,
 Nothing but Blood would their vile Rage repel ;
 Laying dear Babes and Mothers in their Gore,
 Till all were dead they scorned to give o'er :
 If these Church-dealings will not work Contrition,
 She can erect a cursed Inquisition ;
 A dreadful Place of Cruelty and Blood,
 Whose torments scarcely can be understood ;
 A loathsome Dungeon, and vile stinking Cell,
 A Place of Darkness representing Hell ;
 Where nothing is so plentiful as Tears
 And bitter Sighs, and yet can find no Ears
 To hear their Cries and lamentable Moans,
 Nor Hearts to pity them for all their Groans ;
 Where many tedious Nights and Days they spend,
 Not knowing when their Sufferings will have end.
 If such like Arguments (Sir) will confute
 A Heretick, the Papist may dispute
 With all the World, nay, Heathen Rome could never
 Come nigh a Papist with their best Endeavour :
 They scorn all *Turks* or *Pagans* (for contrival
 Of barb'rous Cruelties) should be corrival :
 For Inhumanities they must despise,
 And scorn that Cannabals should them come nigh.
 A bloody Papist strives to counterfeit
 The Plagues of Hell, as far as Man's conceit
 Can reach unto, or Devils could invent ;
 This is a Papist's knocking Argument.
 Thus, thus is *Rome* drunk with the Martyrs Blood,
 Which has run down like to a mighty Flood.
 Oh ! it is *Rome* that is that Scarlet Whore,
 Which thus doth hate and persecute the Poor.

And all which are unto the Truth inclin'd
To serve the Lord, with a most perfect Mind,
According to the Tenor of his Word ;
All such she strives to put unto the Sword ;
And suffers none to Buy, nor Sell, nor Live,
But such as homage unto her would give.
Upon her Head also St. John did see
Was writ the cursed Name of *Blasphemy* ;
Setting her self on God's Imperial Throne ;
Saying, *I am, besides me there is none.*
I have the Keyes of Heaven in my Hand,
Both Earth and Hell is at my sole Command :
I shut and open unto whom I please,
I Torment give to some, to others Ease.
Lo ! thus God's Sacred Word doth point her forth,
This, this is she, there's none in all the Earth,
That ever did adventure to lay claim
To that presumptuous and blasphemous Name,
As King of Heaven, Earth and Hell, but she,
Therefore Rome's Church must the vile Strumpet be.

Apostate.

Sir, speak no more, forbear your stand'rous Lies,
The Holy Church such murd'rous Acts defies.
Do not believe all Stories you do hear,
'Tis hard for you to make these things appear.

Professor.

These things were not (Sir) in a Corner done,
Besides, I never yet have heard of one
That is for you, or standeth on your side,
Who by just Proof ever these things deny'd ;
For they, alas ! notoriously are known,
And many Papists also them do own :
Besides, 'twas late some of these Cruelties,
Murther and Blood, and barb'rous Tragedies,
Were done and acted ; some alive now be,
Who with their Eyes these Villanies did see.
About the Year (dear Sir) of Fifty Five,
A dreadful Massacre did Rome contrive,
Near unto France, i'th' Dukedom of Savoy,
Where Thirty Thousand Souls she did destroy,

Who

Who were commanded, without all delays,
 Papists to turn, and that within three days ;
 Who for refusing were then presently
 Put unto Death with barb'rous Cruelty,
 Some with sharp Spears thrust thro' the privy parts,
 Whilst others stabbed were unto their Hearts :
 Some Babes they cut in pieces, some they roasted,
 And some upon the tops of Spears they tossed :
 Virgins were ravished, Widows and Wives,
 All barb'rously deprived of their Lives :
 Some were drove forth on bitter Ice and Snow,
 And many knock'd o'th' Head as they did go :
 Thus were those Souls brought into Misery ;
 See it at large in *Moreland's History*.
 Two Hundred Thousand Protestants, or more,
 Were massacred by this vile bloody Whore
In Ireland ; there's many now alive
 Who saw what kind of Deaths they did contrive ;
 By which some of their dear Relations then
 Were tortured by those most bloody Men.
 How can you, Sir, these things i'th' least deny,
 Which are so obvious unto every Eye ?

Apostate.

Youth, 'tis the Faith of Roman Catholicks
 Thus far to deal with all vile Hereticks :
 Yet 'twas Rebellion too, say what you will,
 For which the Church did many thousands kill.
 To Magistrates they disobedient were,
 And therefore they just Punishment did bear.

Professor.

Peter and John, they Rebels were also,
 By that same Argument which use you do.
 To Magistrates they did refuse to bend,
 Wherein they knew they should the Lord offend.
 In civil things they always did submit,
 And Preached also, 'twas a thing most fit,
 In things which unto Man do appertain ;
 But Christ o'er Conscience ought alone to reign.
 Ev'n so these Martyrs bear an upright mind
 Unto their Prince, and ever were inclin'd

In all just things obedient for to be,
Yet did stand up for Christ his Sovereignty;
And were resolv'd, in Matters of their Faith,
To worship God as Holy Scripture saith,
According to that Light which he doth give,
Up unto which each Soul on Earth should Live.
And though your Church doth put poor Men to Death,
'Twas from the Devil such curs'd Laws came forth.
The Tares with Wheat should grow unto the end,
Till God is pleas'd the Reapers for to send.
That 'twas from Satan I don't doubt i'th' least,
For he did give unto this bloody Beast
His Pow'r and Seat, and his Authority,
For to effect all, curs'd Villany.

Apostate.

They were some evil Persons without doubt,
Who crept into the Church, that work'd about
Those murd'rous Deeds the Church did not allow,
But utterly against them doth avow:

Learned Professor.

The filthy Pope, and evil Cardinal,
With Bishops, Monks, and Fryars you so call,
With fiery Jesuits; for to be brief,
In all these murd'rous Acts, these were the chief.
False Pardons, Bulls, and curs'd Dispensations
From bloody Rome, has ruin'd many Nations.
You can't the World deceive nor hoodwink more;
Times have discovered the Scarlet Whore.
We know how clearly now to bring our Charge,
As I could shew, but that I can't enlarge.

Apostate.

I know not how farther (Sir) to excuse
The Holy Church, you put me in a Muse;
But she's more kind and gentle grown of late,
And doth such Cruelties desie and hate.

Professor.

Rome to a Wolf may fitly be compar'd,
Who, whilst against his Will, is quite debarr'd
From seeking of his Prey, b'ing ty'd in Chains,
Seems very peaceable, though he remains

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A Wolf in Nature still, if ever he
At any Rate can get his Liberty
Doth straightway run, impatient of delay,
And cannot rest until he's got his Prey.
So *Rome* seems kind and gentle, until she
Can find again an Opportunity,
Which, with unwearied pains and often trial,
She ever seeks, and hardly takes denial ;
Which if she once obtains, she will not stay
From shedding Blood a Minute of a Day.

Apostate.

'Tis a vain thing with you for to contend,
And therefore I had rather make an end,
'Tis out of Love I speak to have you leave
Your evil Errors, speedily to cleave
Unto that Church, who only can decide
All Controversies, event to divide
The Truth from Error, Light from Darkness, so
That every one the ready way may go.
But you seem so resolved in your mind,
That little hopes, alas, of you I find.
But, Youth, consider once again, I pray,
The troubles of a now-approaching Day ;
For sore Amazements will you overtake,
Unless you do your Purposes forsake.
If once our Church the Day obtains, be sure,
You Hereticks must down, and rise no more.
Let former strokes of Justice take such place,
As for to move you wisely to embrace
That Counsel, which in tender Love I give,
That you in safety evermore may live ;
Or you'll repent that ever you begun,
These dang'rous ways of Heresie to run.
'Tis a dark doleful dang'rous Path you go,
Recant therefore, as many others do.

Professor.

You may mistake, sometimes the Waters flow,
Yet on a sudden I observe them low.
A Haman may maliciously devise
Poor *Mordecai*, and others to surprize ;

Yet may his Purposes meet with a blast,
 And he himself be hanged too at last.
 The Flesh, with all its Lusts, to mortifie,
 Is hard to those that love Iniquity.
 The way to Papists wholly is untrod,
 And unto all who Haters are of God.
 The way seems dark to you, untrod, uneven,
 Hard 'tis to th' Flesh, yet 'tis the way to Heaven :
 'Tis dark to you, because that you are blind,
 And can't God's Purpose in dark Foot-steps mind.
 I've a sure Hand to lead my trampling Paces,
 To 'scape the danger of those dang'rous Spaces.
 I shall pass safe, by means of my best Guide,
 Though thousands fall by me on ev'ry side.
 For to turn back, would prove a doleful fault,
 I think upon the Monument of Salt.
 I am resolv'd a thousand Deaths to die,
 Before I'll ever yield to Popery.

Apostate.

Thou art too Strict, too Righteous and Precise,
 Thou slight'st such things which prudent Men do prize :
 Thou may'st have Christ, Pleasure and Honours too,
 And saved be without half this a-do.
 There's very few, alas, are of your mind,
 Who unto Rome are not at all inclin'd.

Professor.

You now condemn me for my Holy Life,
 Wherein, 'tis true, I meet with straits and strife :
 But when, dear Sir, you come at length to die,
 You'll blame your self, and me you'll justifie.
 Did ever any on a dying Bed,
 Lament that they were by God's Spirit led
 To Crucifie their Sins, and undertake
 All things to leave for the Lord Jesus's sake ?
 If Righteous Ones, alas, scarce saved are,
 It greatly doth behove me to take care,
 In Holiness to walk, what-e'er you say,
 I from the Paths of Life will never stray.
 The way I know is rough, 'tis hard and strait,
 And leads me also through a thorny Gate,

Whose

Whose scratching Pricks are very sharp and fell,
 The way to Heav'n is by the Gates of Hell.
 Your Way, 'tis true, seems very smooth and wide,
 Since you from Christ have lately turn'd aside.
 My Paths seem long, yours short and very fair,
 Free from all Rubs and Snares, yet, Sir, beware,
 The safest Path is not always most even,
 The Way to Hell's like to a seeming Heaven.
 Or shall the promis'd Crown of endless Life
 Be judg'd a trifle, and not worth a strife?
 That which vain Man accounts to be most rare,
 Is not obtain'd but with much cost and care;
 Things of great Worth on Earth are got by Pains,
 And he who ventures nothing, nothing gains.
 And shall I then be startled with a frown,
 When full assur'd of an Eternal Crown?
 The Strife which doth an Holy Life attend,
 Will recompens'd be, I'm sure, i'th' end.
 I will go on, since Jesus doth invite me,
 His Strength is mine, and nothing shall affright me.

Apostate.

I do perceive you are resolv'd to run
 In your strict ways until you're quite undone:
 Yet hear a little what I have to speak,
 And you will find 'tis best for you to take
 The Counsel which I give; for you'll espy
 Great Ruine fall upon you suddenly.
 Your Father will not own you for his Son,
 If in this foolish Strictness you'll go on;
 His Face expect hereafter not to see,
 If this your Purpose and your Pleasure be.

Professor.

If Father, Mother, and dear Brethren too,
 Forsake me quite; yet still I well do know,
 My precious Saviour will my Soul embrace,
 And I shall see sweet Smiles from his dear Face.
 My self, and my Relations all, though dear,
 I do deny, such is the Love I bear
 To my dear Lord, whose Servant now am I,
 And do resolve to be until I Die.

Come

Come Life, come Death, for Canaan I'll endeavour,
It is my Home, and Resting-place for ever.
Better it is that Earthly Friends abuse me,
Than that Christ Jesus should at least refuse me.
I'd rather bear my Father's Wrath and Ire,
Than to be cast into Eternal Fire.

Apostate.

Fie, fie, Young-man, forbear, and take Advice,
Let not hot Zeal thy Fancy thus intice,
For to refuse those pleasant things which you
May here enjoy, as many others do :
Tis much too soon for thee to mind such things,
For nought but Grief and Dotage from it springs :
I will dull thy Wit, and make thee like a Droan,
And thou'lt be slighted too by every one.
How might'st thou live at ease, and Pleasure have,
If once these ways thou wouldst resolve to leave ;
And, like a Flower, flourish in the Spring,
And with young Gallants might'st rejoyce and sing,
And spend thy Days in Pleasure sweet and rare :
O prithee Youth consider, O take care
To cheer thy Heart ; behold now, in thy sight,
What earthly Joys most sweetly do invite.

Professor.

Young, it is true, I am, and in my Prime,
Therefore resolve for to improve my Time :
The Flower of my Days dost think I will
Give to the Devil, Lust for to fulfil ?
Shall Satan have the prime of my Days,
And put off Christ with base and vile Delays,
Till Old-Age, and then, at last, present
The dregs of Time to Him ? I'll not consent :
To such vile Thoughts I will not lend an Ear,
To my Saviour more Affection bear.
Since first of th' Living Spring my Soul did drink,
All sinful Pleasures in my Nose did stink.
More precious Joy I find in my dear Lord,
Than all this World doth, vea, or can afford.
If I am slighted for Christ Jesus Sake,
And judg'd a Fool or Droan, yet I can take

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All for him, who for me hath undergone
 More shame than this, before his work was done.
 This is my choosing time, I have made choice,
 God's Word I will obey, and hear his Voice.
 God's Counsel 'tis, that, first of all, in Youth
 I should him seek, and cleave unto the Truth.
 Your Counsel I abhor : Shall lustful Fire
 Be kindled in my Breast ? Shall my desire
 Run out again to *Egypt's* cursed Stuff ?
 I know 'tis naught, of it I have enough.

Apostate.

Alas, the Journey's long, you'll wearied be,
 And faint, before that Kingdom you do see.

Professor.

Nay, Sir, be silent, that is false, for I,
 By Faith, most clearly do the Land espy:
 But, is the Journey long ? blame me no more,
 Betimes i'th' Morning I set out therefore.
 Why didst thou say it was too soon for me
 For to set out ? If long the Journey be.
 I do resolve, in Youth, with speed to strive,
 Lest I too late, at last, should there arrive.
 While Strength and Youth do last, I'll bend my mind
 To travel hard, because I clearly find
 Old Age and weary Limbs quite out of case
 To go a Journey, or to run a Race.
 Alas, when Night is ready to come in,
 That's not a time this Journey to begin :
 When Sun, and Moon, and Stars all darkned be,
 And Clouds return, that we no Light can see :
 When Rain and Tempests do most sore appear,
 And th' Keepers of the House all trembling are :
 When the strong Men themselves are forc'd to bow,
 And Grinders cease also, because that now
 They are but few, and ready to fall out,
 And these through Windows which do look about
 Are become dim, nay, dark'ned, without Light,
 And Doors too in the Street are shut up quite :
 When the low sound o'th' Grinders scarcely heard,
 He riseth up too at the Voice o'th' Bird :

And all the Daughters of sweet Musick rare
 Are brought too low, don't for such Musick care;
 And Fears increase in thoughts of what's on high,
 Fears in the Way, and Fears for what is nigh:
 When flourish shall the Almond-Tree also,
 And th' Grasshopper shall be a Burden too:
 When loosed is the precious Silver Cord,
 And Golden Boal is broken, as we've heard:
 When the weak Pitcher at the Fountain's broke,
 And th' Wheel at th' Cistern with a heavy stroke:
 When Desire fails, and there, alas, is none,
 What will such do who ha'nt this Race begun?
 Besides, 'tis clear, my Days uncertain be,
 Old-Age, alas, I may not live to see.
 Young-men are quickly gone, for I behold
 Nally, as Young as I are turn'd to Mould.
 My own Experience doth discover this,
 My Life a Bubble and a Vapour is.
 The Flower which doth spread, and is so gay,
 Soon may it fade and wither quite away:
 I therefore have still much work to do,
 As you say, so long a way to go;
 It doth concern me then, with all my Power,
 To improve each Day, yea, every Hour;
 For Days to come, I see, may not be mine,
 My Time I'll spend, not as thou spendest thine;
 My Weights I'll cast away this Race to run,
 And still I must not, nor with thee return;
 I must provide me Oil, get Grace in store,
 For e'er a while I shall be seen no more
 On this side the Grave; I haste, therefore, to meet
 The glorious Judge; at the great Judgment-seat
 I must make haste, be swift, like to the Sun,
 lest that my Work's to do when time is done.

Apostate.

To you, Young-man, I have declared much
 Of the sad Danger; but your Zeal is such,
 I thought that I say with you takes any place.
 You don't believe me, that's the very case.

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But what's the Reason, Youth, so many Folk
Decline those Paths in which you now do walk?
Were ways of your strict Holines so sweet,
They in this sort would never back retreat:
I did resolve, with others, for to try,
And find you all deceived utterly.
Your whole Religion's nought but meer Conceit,
Let none, therefore, thy Soul with Fancies cheat.
Since Wise-men daily do your ways forsake,
Be thou advis'd, and other Counsel take.

Professor.

If Thousands fall away, it is no more
Than what the Scripture shews was heretofore,
Thousands of Old from *Egypt* did adventure,
And yet but Two of them did *Canaan* enter:
They never had of Christ a saving Taste,
Who quite away their seeming Hopes do cast:
Their Hearts, alas! are rotten, and unsound,
Who in Christ Jesus never Sweetness found.
But what of this? Shall I my Lord deny,
Because that you some Hypocrites espy?
Those who do murmur in the Wilderness,
The Land of Promise never shall possess.
But if they will the precious Lord revoke,
Shall I from thence resolve to slip the Yoke?
Because they don't the glorious Lord believe,
Shall *Caleb* think the Land he can't receive?
Because so many walk i'th' way to Hell,
Shall I conclude, that Heaven don't excel
The vain Enjoyments of an evil World?
Or shall with Fancies thus my Soul be hurl'd?
Because that *Judas* did, for Thirty Pence,
Sell his dear Lord, shall I conclude from thence
Peter a Fool, who priz'd his Saviour so,
That for his sake all things he'd undergo?
If fearful Soldiers basely quit the Field,
Shall valiant Champions, therefore, straitway yield
Most Cowardly unto their treacherous Foe,
Whom they assured were to overthrow.
If Mariners, unskill'd in Navigation,
Are split on Rocks, shall all then in the Nation

That have that curious Art, resolve, therefore,
 Never to use the Art of Sailing more ?
 Because the Sluggard sees the Winds do blow,
 The Rain descending with cold Hail and Snow,
 He doth give o'er, and say, no longer will
 Remain i'th' Field, his barren Land to Till :
 Shall Faithful Husband-men from the like Ground,
 Who have oft-times, by good Experience, found,
 Without they Sow no Harvest they can have,
 Resolve the painful Labours quite to leave ?
 He that won't Plow, because o'th' Snow or Rain,
 Shall beg at Harvest, and shall nought obtain :
 So in like sort, to mind my present case,
 Cause Persons, void of God's true saving Grace,
 Apostatize, as you your self have done,
 Must I to th' Devil Headlong with you run ?
 Cause some Professors secretly do love
 Some base Corruptions, doth this, therefore, prove,
 There's none sincere for God in all the Earth,
 Whose Souls experience the second Birth ?
 I, for my part, through Grace, have this to say,
 I never shall, nor can I, fall away :
 All those whom God has unto Jesus given,
 They never can be dispossest'd of Heaven ;
 The Promise of Eternal Life is theirs,
 And they, like *Isaac*, even so are Heirs,
 Who could not miss, nor dispossessed be,
 Unless God's Word's made a meer Nullity ;
 God's Covenant also with Christ doth stand,
 Who can supply our Wants on ev'ry Hand :
 Sin shall not Reign, such is our happy Case,
 We are not under th' Law, but under Grace.
 This Covenant is not like to the Old,
 We of a surer Person now have hold.
 We stand not now as *Adam* did, 'tis plain,
 God never will trust that Old Man again.
 Our Credit's nothing worth, our Surety
 Is in our room, our wants he must supply.
 Besides all this, I'll hint another thing,
 Which to my Soul doth much Refreshment bring ;

He that's the Author of my Faith, I 'spy,
 Will finish it himself assuredly.
 He that in me has a good work begun,
 Will perfect it also e'er he has done.
 Within God's Saints Eternal Life doth dwell ;
 This would remove the doubt, consider'd well :
 Those unto whom Eternal Life is given,
 How can it be, that such should miss of Heaven ?
 And, now to breviate, 'tis my intent,
 Sir, if you please to frame one Argument.
 If the New Creature in the Souls of Men
 Is of God's Spirit born, I argue then,
 The same in Nature it must surely be,
 Which cannot Death, or like Mutation see :
 But that 'tis of God's Spirit born, is clear,
 As John the Third doth make most plain appear.
 The Seed also doth in their Souls remain,
 They cannot Sin to Death who're born again ;
 God's Fear moreover is so in their Heart,
 That they from him shall never more depart.
 Thus is my standing very firm and sure,
 And to the End I know I shall endure :
 And as for those who fall away and die,
 I shall discover clearly by and by,
 What kind of Men and Women they are all,
 Which will hold forth the Cause too of their Fall.

Apostate.

Most confident I do perceive you are,
 Daunted at nothing ; y'er, pray let me hear
 Those Persons Names which you did lastly meet,
 Who finally resolve for to retreat,
 And leave those Paths which you seem to commend ;
 Come, speak to this, and we will make an end.

Professor.

Sir, unto me it doth most plain appear,
 As if they Cowards, and faint-hearted were ;
 Under their Tongues also close secretly,
 Some pleasant Morfels I am sure do lye ;
 And in them all doth reign some cursed Evil,
 Which makes them to conform unto the Devil.

Apostate.

Apostate.

As you suppose, but pray Youth have a care,
For they sincere and sober People are ;
And I do question, whether yea or nay,
Thou dost them know, what further hast to say ?

Professor.

I told you, Sir, I knew them very well,
And since you urge me, I resolve to tell
What kind of Folk they are, and also shall
Their Names discover unto great and small ;
Master *Fearful* was one that I did see,
With him was goody *Sensuality* ;
With my Dame *Misbelief*, and Goodman *Outside*,
Who turn'd from Christ as soon as they were try'd ;
One *Unbelief*, a very wicked Man,
Turn him out of his way there's no one can :
Besides them also, there's one *Earthly-Heart*,
Who nothing loves so well as Plow and Cart :
Also there's *Esaú Faint-heart*, most profane,
Who sells his Birth-right, Pottage to obtain ;
With *Belly-God*, a Man whom I do find,
Flesh-pots and Onions he doth chiefly mind :
There's Mistress *Discontent* too, with the rest,
Who would have nought but what she liketh best :
Master *Hot-love*, soon cold, also was there,
Lately for Zeal few could with him compare :
There's *Ishmael Legal-heart*, in truth also,
When troubles rise he strait away doth go,
With Master *Balaam*, who doth Jesus leave,
The wages of Unrighteousness to have :
Some People also I have lately met,
Who were with Sin most easily beset ;
And divers heavy Weights they also bore,
Which wearied them and made them to give o'er.
A Gentleman I also did behold,
Whose Trade was great, and store he had of Gold,
He's going back with Sorrow, I do know,
Because he can't have Christ and the World too :
One Master *Atheist*, that I think's his Name,
As like your self, as if he were the same ;

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He's fallen back so far, and turn'd aside,
 That at Religion he doth much deride ;
 He thinks Religion's but a foolish thing,
 Which doth no Comfort nor no Profit bring :
 This is too true, you also are the Man,
 To clear your self, deny it if you can :
 No marvel 'tis you play the Devil's part,
 In lab'ring thus for to deceive my Heart,
 And blind mine Eyes, if that thou knewest how,
 Thou'dst make me like thy self, and therefore now
 I am resolv'd with thee for to engage,
 Who striv'd to stop me in my Pilgrimage.
 A Foe more vile than you, what Soul can meet ?
 I'll therefore bring you down unto my Feet.
 Some Stones I think to fetch out of God's Book,
 Though like *Goliath* you do seem to look ;
 Yet in his Name, whom you so much desire,
 I shall prevail against you by and by.
 I thought, I must confess some Years ago,
 I should not, in the least, been stop'd by you ;
 Or that I should have met with Opposition
 From such a Foe, to add to my Affliction :
 But since this is my sad unhappy Fate,
 I'll add a Line or two to vindicate
 The dreadful God ; so far as lies in me,
 I'll vindicate that Glorious Deity,
 Who in my Soul his Image so has set,
 That I his Glorious Being can't forget.
 Shall he which form'd both Heaven and the Earth,
 From whom I have my precious Life and Birth,
 Be trod upon, nay, utterly deny'd ?
 What Soul can such a sinful Wretch abide ?
 Who strives at once, if that you could it do,
 The Life of all Religion to o'erthrow.
 Hast thou got ought to speak, and wilt thou enter
 On the Debate ? yea, durst thou to adventure
 To ope thy Mouth, i'th' least for to defend
 Those Thoughts of thine, which clearly do descend
 From Hell beneath ? thou'lt prove thy sel thereby
 The Devil's Friend, *Jehovah's* Enemy.

Apostate.

Thou Childish Lad, dost think I am afraid
 For to declare my self, or am dismay'd
 By silly Dreams and Fancies, which affright
 Those simple ones who dare not walk i'th' Night;
 Who startle at a Shadow which they see,
 And think the Devil's near, when 'tis a Tree?
 And since I do perceive you understand
 What my Opinion is, I do demand
 How you can prove, and fully make appear,
 There is a God; for none at all I fear.
 No God nor Devil I at all believe,
 Nor is there any Heaven to receive
 The Souls of Holy Men, when they do die;
 Nor is there any Hell of Misery
 For Sinners after Death, as you conceit;
 All is nought else but a Religious Cheat.

Professor.

Dare you your Maker thus with Impudence
 Deny and tread upon such Insolence
 What Soul can bear! What Age can shew the like!
 Where so much Light hath been, shall Mortals strike
 At the great God, and glorious Deity?
 Whose dreadful Being and Existency
 The Heathens did find out, and greatly fear,
 His God-head did to them most plain appear,
 By the Creation; Man, as in a Glass,
 May there behold who his Creator was.
 'Tis time to arm my self, and look about,
 When by an Atheist I am challeng'd out:
 When th' Whole of all Religion lies at stake,
 'Tis time to rouse, and also for to shake
 Off Sloth and Idleness, and to ingage
 With such a Foe in this my Pilgrimage.
 If once I should unto an Atheist yield,
 And treach'rously also acquit the Field,
 The strongest hold of Truth betray should I,
 Into the Hands of its worst Enemy;
 And should Un-man my self of Christian too,
 And my dear Soul of Reason overthrow.

I should debase my self, should I deny
 My Noble Birth from the great Deity:
 Man's chiefest Glory springs from's supream Head,
 In his Descent from him, who made and bred,
 And brought him forth, and doth his Life maintain,
 From hence Man doth his chiefest Honour gain.
 'Tis Pow'r Divine that Man doth greaten thus,
 As to create him King o'th' Universe.
 Whoe'er disowns his blessed Pedigree,
 Does prove himself unnatural to be.
 For Man to say he came by Hap or Chance,
 As 'tis a piece of wilful Ignorance;
 Himself also he doth depose thereby,
 From his own Honour and rare Dignity;
 And vile Contempt upon himself doth bring,
 As well as Dirt upon that Essence fling,
 Who form'd his Soul, and gave to him his Breath,
 And made him Ruler here upon the Earth.
 But to proceed, and lend my helping Hand,
 In the Defence of Sacred Truth to stand,
 And vindicate my great Creator's Cause,
 By Nature's Light, and also by those Laws
 Which Supernat'ral are, and most Divine,
 Whose Light excels, yea, and whose Glories shine.
 You ask me how I can make it appear
 There is a God, attend, and now give ear,
 And weigh my Arguments and Reasons sound,
 And let not Satan more your Soul confound,
 And Reason quite destroy, as he has done,
 Left to the Devil you do Headlong run.

Apostate.

Before you do preceed, this you must know,
 If you a God do think to prove, or show;
 Be sure of this, Young-man, it must not be
 By *Scripture-Proof*, for its Authority
 I do deny, and cannot it believe,
 You never shall that way my Heart deceive;
 The Knowledge which you Supernat'ral call,
 Is a meer Cheat, I mind it not at all.

Professor.

Though Supernat'ral Knowledge you despise,
 And count God's Holy Word to be but Lies;
 I briefly shall stand up in its Defence,
 And shew your Pride and cursed Insolence.
 That all may love God's Word, prize it, and see
 Its Worth and Weight, and its Authority,
 To be Divine, and by *Jehovah* given,
 To lead poor Souls in the right way to Heaven:
 One thing of you i'th' first place I demand,
 Pray let me know, and fully understand
 When this supposed Cheat did first Commence,
 And in what Part o'th' World, bring Evidence.
Egypt stands mute, saith, it commenc'd not here,
 Nor did the *Jews* invent it, that's as clear.
 Ask all the *Heathens* too, in ev'ry Age,
 If their Philosophers brought it on the Stage,
 If you can find it out, pray bring't to light,
 Or else confess your Darknes worse than Night.
 'Tis strange, that such an universal Cheat
 Should thus be put upon the World, and yet
 No one can see who did the same devise,
 Nor how, nor when, the same at first did rise:
 Since all the World stands silent, and is mute,
 This might a period put to the Dispute.
 But, Secondly, I argue once again,
 There's none of them who do so much disdain
 The Holy Scriptures, who just Proof could bring,
 To shew, i'th' least, they were a forged thing:
 If none can them disprove, O then, say I,
 What ground have you the Scripture to deny?
 The Scriptures also, I observe, have been
 Strangely preserved by a Pow'r unseen:
 In ev'ry Age kept both in Word and Sense,
 From secret Fraud, and open Violence,
 Against the num'rous Armies of all those
 That were both secret, yea, and open Foes.
 No wicked or malicious Men could ever
 Subvert the Scripture, though they did endeavour.

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The beastly Clergy of the Church of *Rome*,
 Thorough whose Hands the Scriptures to us come ;
 Though guilty of most vile Abomination,
 As ever was committed in a Nation :
 Their cursed Sins are hateful to relate,
 Which they committed, and did tolerate :
 And that they might more freely do the same,
 And so be kept from sad Reproach and Shame,
 They say the Pope himself may change the Laws
 Of th' Holy Gospel, as himself sees Cause ;
 And make the Sense of Scriptures to agree
 With Time and Place, as he most fit doth see.
 How free those Sacrilegious Monsters were
 (Had God admitted) to extinguish clear
 The Sacred Scripture, and put out their Light,
 And fill'd the World with an eternal Night :
 But we may see, although it made its way
 Thorough those muddy Channels, yet have they
 Been still kept pure, and still remain a Law
 To keep most Men, save bloody Popes, in Awe:
 Now, if against so many Enemies,
 Who us'd all means the Devils could devise
 To obliterate that Soul-informing Word,
 It was preserv'd, but not by humane Sword.
 How dare you, Sir, presume for to deny
 Its Blessed and Divine Authority ?
 Another Ground or Reason I shall urge,
 Which proves God's Word's Divine; as I do judge,
 'Tis taken from that Influence they have
 Upon their Hearts, whom God intends to save ;
 It turns them from that cursed way of Sin,
 Which once they loved and delighted in.
 It brings them out of Darkness into Light,
 Yea, and discovers Jesus to their Sight,
 Filling their Souls with inward Life and Peace,
 And precious Joy, the which shall never cease:
 The glorious Power which God did afford,
 Always to those which stood up for his Word,
 Most clearly shews, methinks, to ev'ry Eye,
 The Scripture's true, and their Authority,

To be Divine, what-ever you may say,
 I cannot give this Argument away.
 How they have been supported in the Flames?
 Which, as it did perpetuate their Names,
 So God thereby did stir up ten for one
 To stand up for his Word, when they were gone.
 Ah! How did they rejoyce, Sir, in the Fire?
 Which made their very Enemies admire.
 Would'st thou one instance have, I could give two,
 And ten times twenty more, if that would do:
 But if I should, I'm sure I should transgress,
 And over-charge th' Appendix and the Press:
 And therefore I will add one Reason more
 To prove God's Word Divine, and so give o'er.
 How has the Scripture made the Atheist quake,
 And all his Limbs with dreadful Horrour shake!
 When on a Death-bed they have come to lye,
 Their Conscience waking, in their Face did fly:
 Though in their Health they did it much despise,
 And did affirm it was made up with Lies;
 Yet has it made them howl, at last, and cry,
 We are undone to all Eternity.
 Twas like unto the Writing on the Wall,
 Which did portel Profane *Belshazzar's* Fall;
 Which was so terrible, yea, and so strange,
 It wrought amongst them a most sudden Change:
 Their Mirth and Jollity doth now expire,
 And the Proud King does earnestly desire,
 To hear it read, nought then will serve the turn
 But an Interpreter; his Heart did burn,
 His trembling Knees smote one against another,
 As if his Joynts were loosed from each other.
 Thus those who won't confess *Jehovah's* Name,
 Are forc'd to own Him, to their utter Shame.
 And those who will not of God's Word allow,
 Are forc'd, by Conscience, under it to bow.
 These being weig'd, may make you quite give o'er,
 Yea, and God's Word thus to oppose no more.
 Now, if the Scripture cannot be gain-said,
 Methinks each Soul should be exceeding 'fraid,

How they condemn that glorious Deity,
 Whom they so clearly shew and magnify.
 But to leave this a little, and descend
To Man's own Reason, which you so commend ;
 How many Heathens did alone thereby
 Find out (dear Sir) God's Glorious Majesty.
 If you your Reason did but exercise
 From Atheism, doubtless you might rise,
 And hate also this Soul-destroying Evil,
 Thus siding with, and yielding to the Devil.

Apostate.

Among the Heathens (Youth) were Men of Fame,
 Who, for their Skill in Nature, had the Name
 Above all others, which did quite deny
 There was a God or such a Deity.

Professor.

Your *Epicurus*, and Old *Aristotle*,
 With *Theodorus*, *Bion*, and the Rabble,
 And such like Atheists, I must grant to you,
 Deny'd there was a God, as Stories shew.
 Philosophy is good, but Men abuse it,
 When they, like those old Heathen Authors, use it.
 God doth sometimes Men's Reason darken quite,
 For not improving of the means of Light ;
 And to their vile Affections doth them give,
 Because, on Earth, like Brutes, they seem to live.
 But tho' these natural Sots could not espy,
 By all their Skill, th' Eternal Deity ;
 Yet many Thousand Heathens I must show,
 By Nature's Light alone, did come to know
 There was a God, they searched so about
 Into God's Works, they found his God-head out :
 For when they gave themselves up seriously
 To study Nature's Book, and come to pry
 Into the cause of all things here on Earth,
 And their Effects, did clearly see the Birth,
 Or first Original, of every thing,
 From such an Essence to descend or spring.
 The very Novices in Nature's School,
 May soon convince that Man to be a Fool,

Who

Who by the Creature's Glory can't discern
 The being of that dreadful Sovereign,
 Who did them form and make, for every where
 His glorious God-head they to all declare.
 Had I but time, I could some Pages fill,
 To shew to you, how that Man's Reason will
 Teach him there is a God, for if he mind
 The Nature of his Soul, this he might find.
 Man's Soul is like a Spring, or like to Fire,
 It resteth not aloft, but doth aspire;
 And unto Noah's Dove I'll it compare,
 God is the Ark, Soul's Rest alone in there.
 The Flesh dams up the Spring, quenches desire,
 Keeps out of th' Ark, to which it would retire.
 But to conclude this, no Man can disown,
 God by his Judgments daily is made known.
 What sad Examples daily do we hear,
 Of Wrath and Vengeance almost every where?
 Some Drunkards and Blasphemers struck down dead,
 And others with strange Judgments tortured:
 Some have presum'd the Holy God to dare,
 Whom he would not one little Minute spare.
 If this will not convince you of your Error,
 I fear you will, e'er long, fall under Terror:
 For if you will not now fair warning take,
 God may of you a sad Example make.
 Your State, alas, above all Men, is sad,
 Because of God you once such Knowledge had;
 And of his ways, which now you loath and hate;
 O, Sir, consider this your woful State;
 And cry to God, if peradventure He
 May give you Grace, whereby your Soul may see
 Your hainous Sin, that so you may repent,
 And turn to God before your Days are spent.

Apostate.

I must confess, I know not what to say,
 If there's a God, then cursed be the Day
 That ever I was Born, for I do know,
 He never unto me will Mercy show:
 I now resolve to open my Condition,
 Tho' all's in Vain; for there is no Contrition. Will

Will do me good, I utterly am lost,
 For I have sinn'd against the Holy Ghost :
 I willfully have sinn'd; and there remains
 Nothing for me but everlasting Pains.
 O that there were no God ! for then should I
 Be like the Beast when-e'er I come to die.
 For Love o'th' World, and for my present Ease,
 I am become like to the troubled Seas.
 No Rest nor Comfort ever shall I find.
 Curs'd be the Day that ever I declin'd
 From these good Ways, in which, dear Youth, you go,
 Or ever I did God or Jesus know.
 For if I had not known them, it is clear,
 My Sin would not so hainous now appear :
 My Conscience doth prick me to the Heart,
 I never shall be eased of this Smart.
 O that I were in Hell ! for then should I
 Soon see the worst of my Extremity.
 Thou shalt, dear Youth, for ever Happy be,
 For thou art chosen, from Eternity,
 To be an Heir of that eternal Bliss ;
 But I, alas, am damn'd, what Woe like this ?
 The Devil with his glist'ring Golden Ball,
 Hath me deceiv'd, and now I see my Fall
 To be so bad, no Tongue can it express,
 My woful Pain is quite Remediless.
 The Checks of Conscience I did greatly slight,
 And loved Darknes, greatly hated Light :
 Yea, and of Good I never lov'd to hear,
 Though I of him had Hints oft-times most clear ;
 And now will he my Soul to pieces tear,
 And make me his Eternal Vengeance bear.
 Let all Back-sliders of me Warning take,
 Before they fall into the *Strygian Lake* ;
 Yea, and return, and make with God their Peace,
 Before the Days of Grace and Mercy cease ;
 For mine are past for ever, Oh ! condole
 My sad Estate, and miserable Soul.
 My Days will quickly end, and I must lye
 Broiling in Flames to all Eternity.

F I N I S



es &c.

ou go,

Thomas Hancock
his Book

1784.

~~Thomas~~
Thos. Hancock
was Born July 15th
in the Year four Lord
1768.



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and